

MARVEL

18

DAVID
ARAÚJO
ROSENBERG

BEN REILLY:

THE SCARLET SPIDER



Years ago, Miles Warren, one of Peter Parker's college professors, stole a sample of Peter's genetic material and used it to create a perfect clone of Spider-Man. With all of Peter's memories, the clone fled. Created, not born, and without an identity of his own, he gave himself a new name and made his own way in the world as...



BEN REILLY:

THE SCARLET SPIDER

Following a misguided turn as a super villain, **BEN REILLY** has made a home for himself in Las Vegas and has become the **SCARLET SPIDER** once more.

But lately, Ben's choices have been less than heroic, and after a visit from Lady Death, he learned that his very soul is in jeopardy.

To heal it, Ben has been trying to be a better man, and his efforts have centered around **Cassandra Mercury**, owner of one of the Strip's casinos. Using his natural acumen for science, Ben has been trying to help Cassandra's sick daughter, **Abigail**, but his efforts have proved fruitless...

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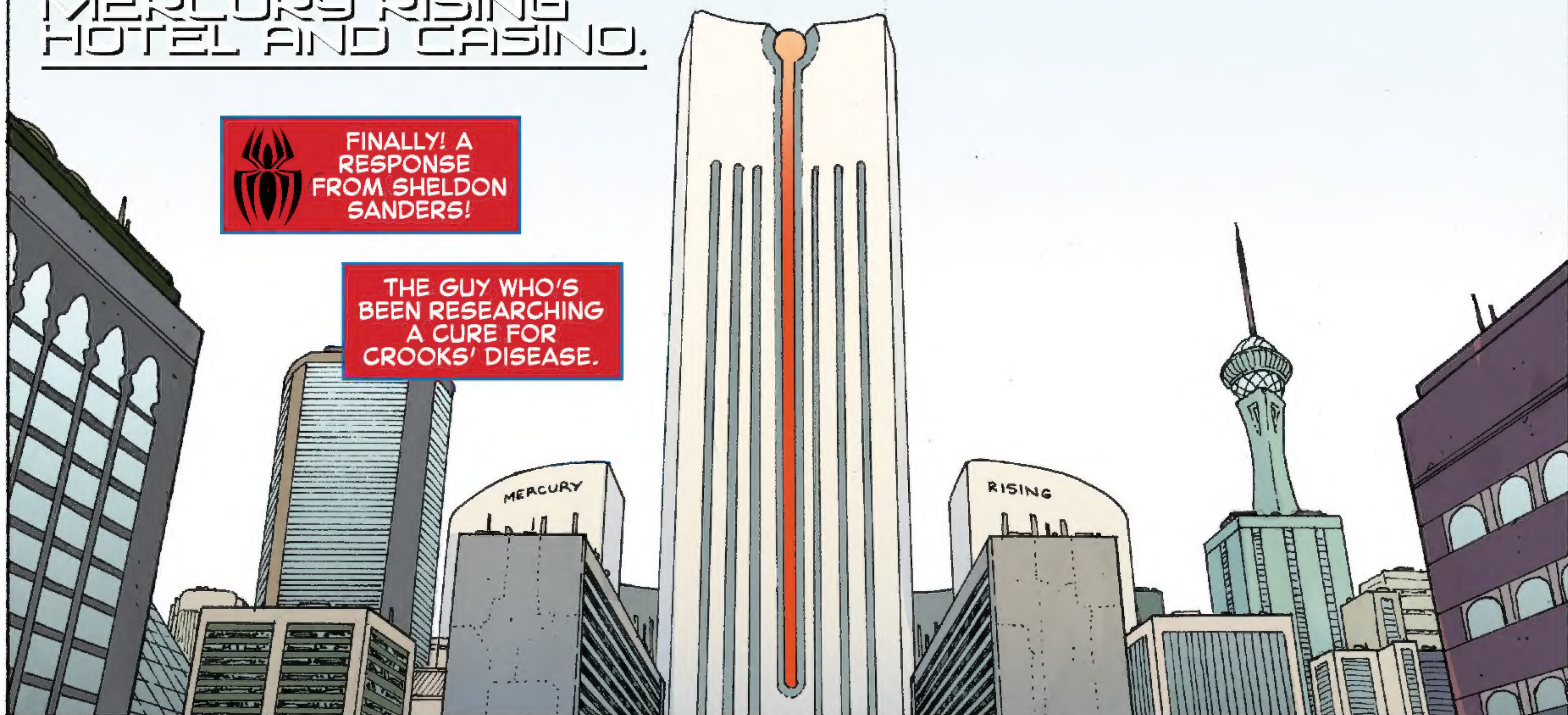
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LAS VEGAS, NEVADA.
MERCURY RISING
HOTEL AND CASINO.



FINALLY! A
RESPONSE
FROM SHELDON
SANDERS!

THE GUY WHO'S
BEEN RESEARCHING
A CURE FOR
CROOKS' DISEASE.



COME ON,
SANDERS. GIVE
ME GOOD NEWS.
ABIGAIL MERCURY
ISN'T GETTING
ANY HEALTHIER.



"THANK YOU
FOR YOUR
INTEREST
IN..."

WHAT THE
HELL?

"CURRENTLY
INVOLVED IN
GOVERNMENT
RESEARCH.
UNABLE TO..."

WE'RE TALKING
ABOUT A
LITTLE GIRL'S
LIFE!



HMM...HE'S AT NAVAL
AIR STATION FALLON
A FEW HOURS AWAY.
AT LEAST, THAT'S
WHERE THIS EMAIL
IS FROM.

OKAY, DOC...
YOU'RE GOING
TO BE GETTING A
PERSONAL VISIT
FROM--



ARRRRHHH...!

SPIDER-
SENSE...
GOING
NUTS!

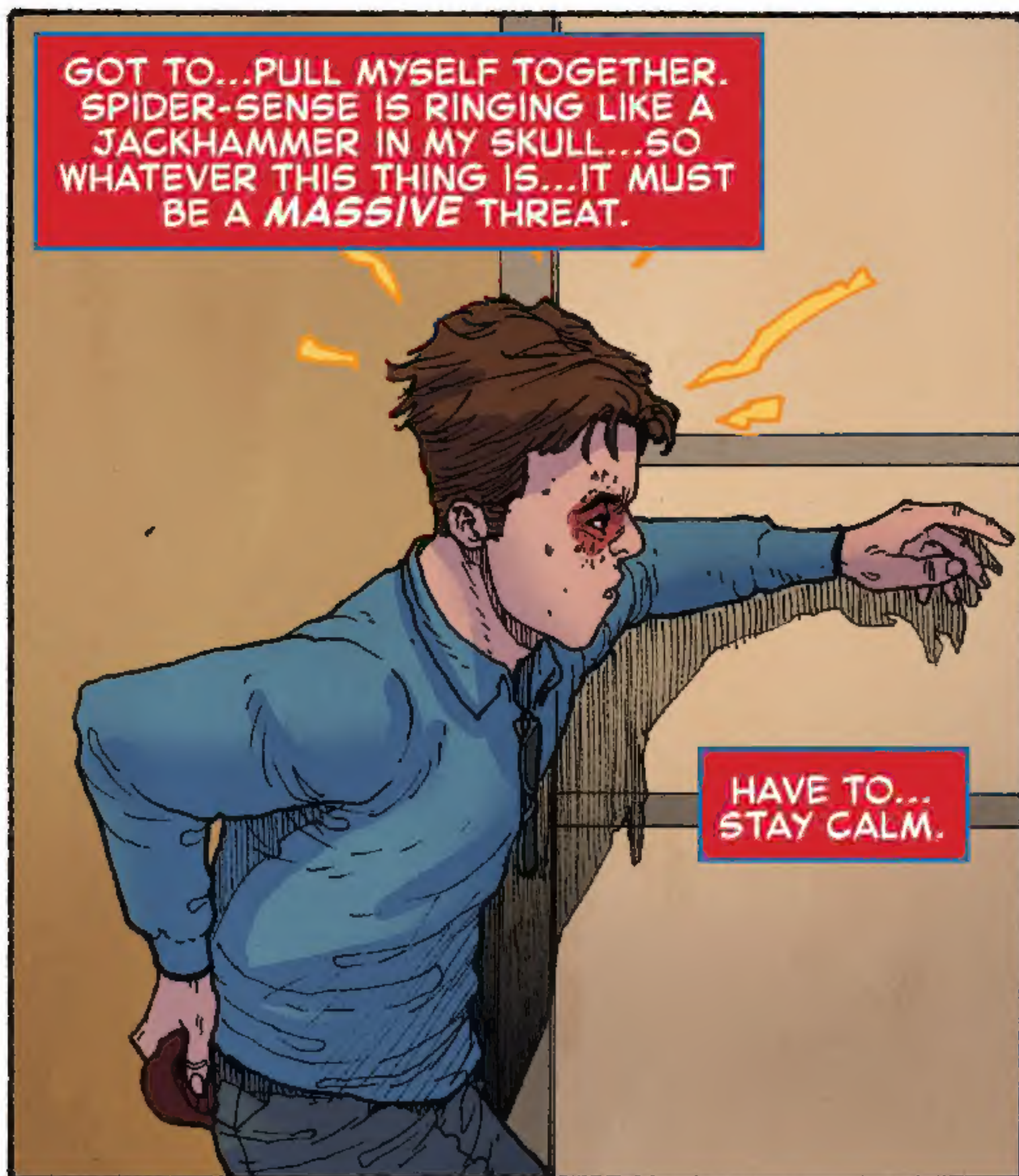




WHAT THE HELL...
IS CAUSING **THIS**?

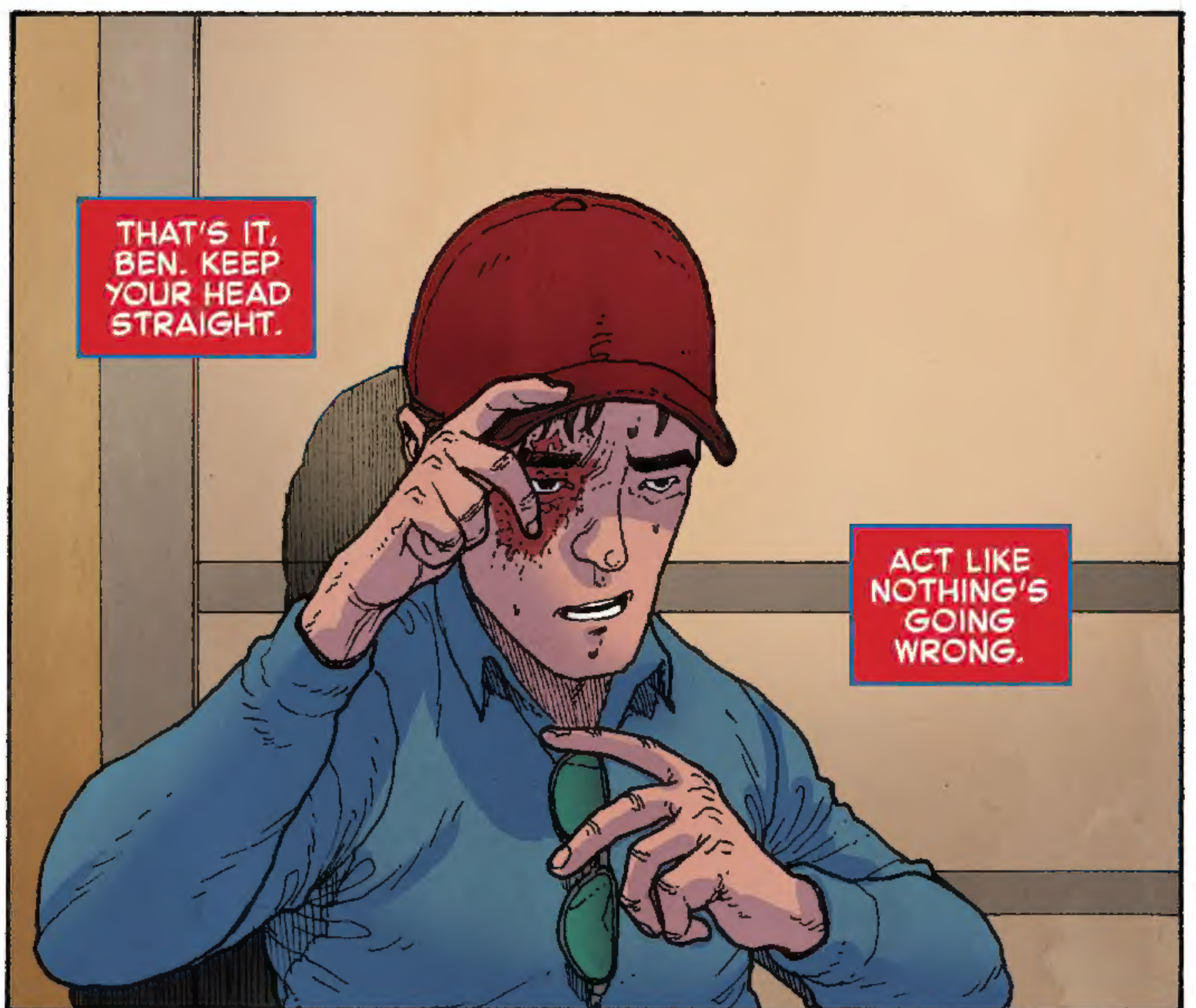
COMING FROM...
CASSANDRA'S
OFFICE.

IF I SHOW UP IN MY
SCARLET SPIDER
COSTUME...THAT'LL BE
THE FINAL NAIL IN THE
COFFIN OF MY **SECRET**
IDENTITY...



GOT TO...PULL MYSELF TOGETHER.
SPIDER-SENSE IS RINGING LIKE A
JACKHAMMER IN MY SKULL...SO
WHATEVER THIS THING IS...IT MUST
BE A **MASSIVE** THREAT.

HAVE TO...
STAY CALM.



THAT'S IT,
BEN. KEEP
YOUR HEAD
STRAIGHT.

ACT LIKE
NOTHING'S
GOING
WRONG.



WHATEVER IS HAPPENING
IN CASS' OFFICE, I'LL BE
ABLE TO HANDLE IT. HELL,
CASS IS A GREAT JUDGE
OF PEOPLE.

SHE'S
PROBABLY
ALL OVER IT.



IT'S
GOING TO
BE A PLEASURE
TO WORK
WITH YOU.

OH, PETER!
COME IN.
HERE'S SOMEONE
YOU'LL WANT
TO MEET.

A comic book panel set in an office. A woman with dark skin and curly hair, wearing a purple blazer, stands behind a desk with a computer monitor and keyboard. She is gesturing with her right hand. In the foreground, a man (Peter) is seen from the side, wearing a red baseball cap and a blue jacket. A woman with short blonde hair, wearing a green halter-neck top and a long green skirt, stands next to him. The room has a window in the background and a potted plant on the desk.

PETER,
THIS IS **MISTY**
BECK. SHE'S A
MAGICIAN.

I ACTUALLY
PREFER JUST
"MISTY." YOU
KNOW, LIKE
BEYONCÉ.

MISTY IS
GOING TO BE
PERFORMING A
HUGE MAGIC TRICK
FOR CHARITY.
SHE'S GOING
TO--

PETER,
ARE YOU
OKAY? YOU'RE
AS PALE AS A
GHOST.

OH, NO,
I'M...I'M FINE.
JUST KIND OF
HOT OUT
TODAY.

WELL, IT'S
VEGAS, SO
THAT'S PRETTY
TYPICAL.



MISTY...
BECK?

I SEEM TO
REMEMBER
READING ARTICLES
ABOUT SOMEONE ELSE
NAMED BECK. WHAT
WAS THE FIRST
NAME?

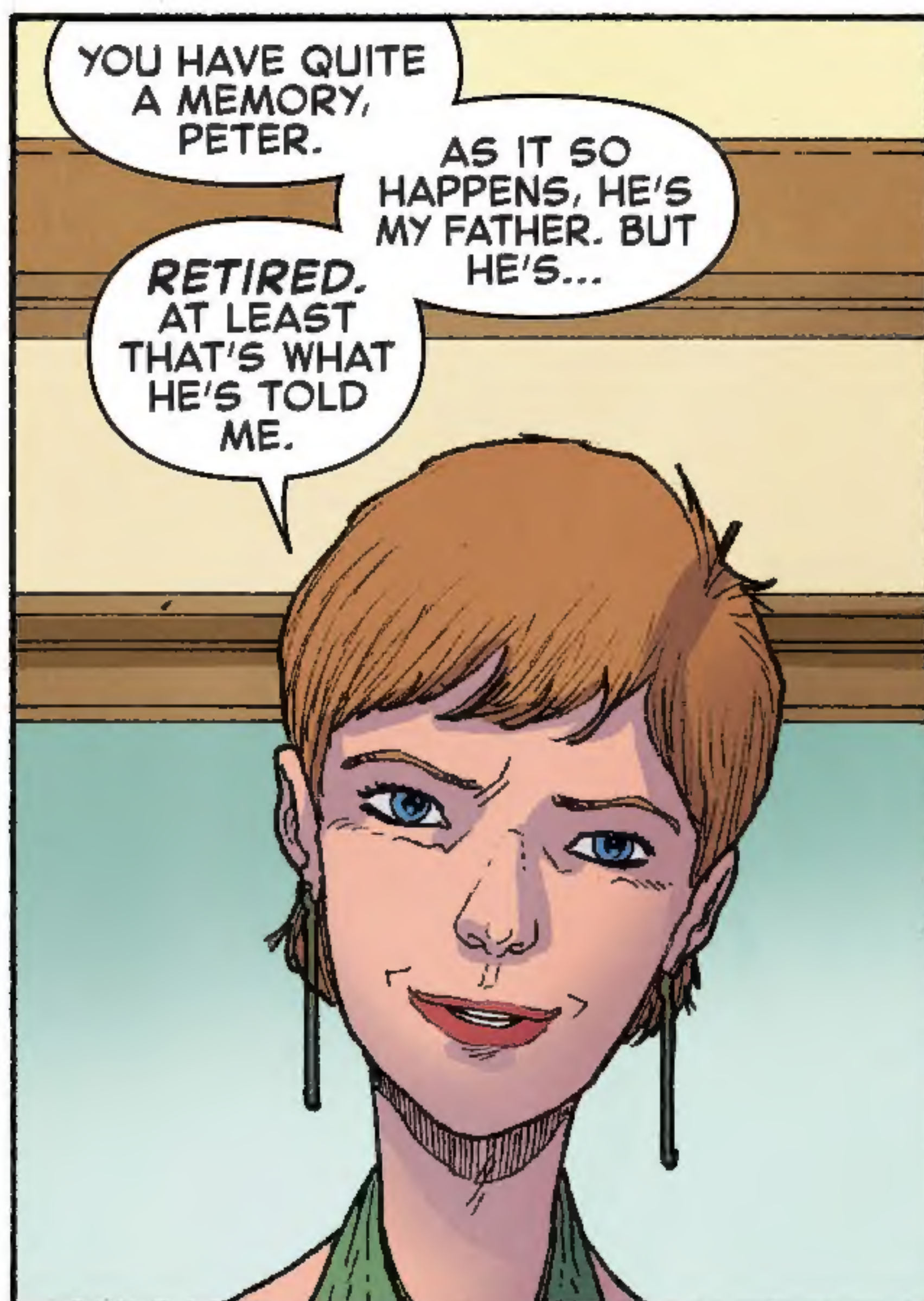
OH,
RIGHT...



QUENTIN.

QUENTIN
BECK. THINK THE
PAPERS USED TO
CALL HIM MYSTERIO--
MASTER OF
ILLUSION?

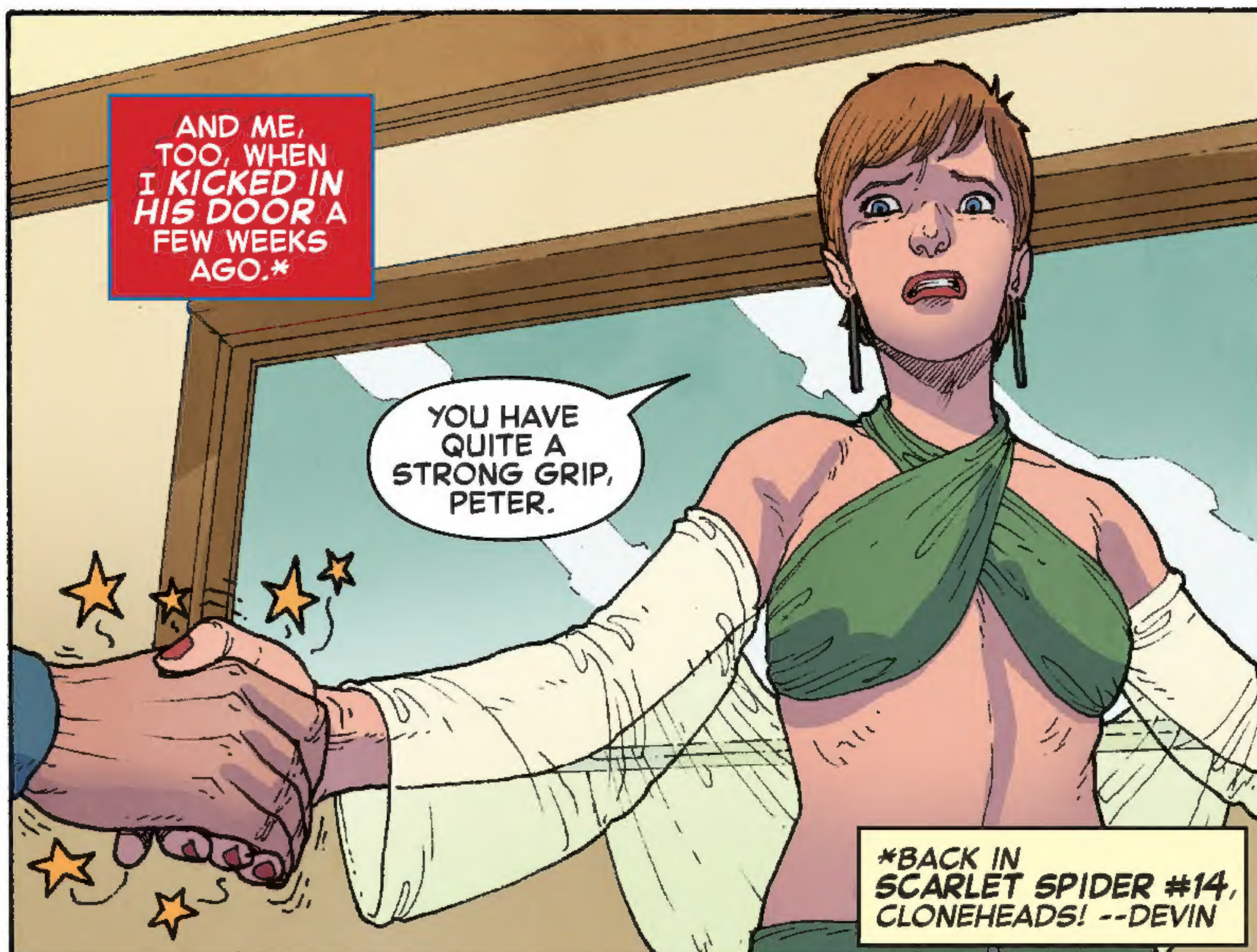
ANY
RELATION?



YOU HAVE QUITE
A MEMORY,
PETER.

AS IT SO
HAPPENS, HE'S
MY FATHER. BUT
HE'S...

RETIRED.
AT LEAST
THAT'S WHAT
HE'S TOLD
ME.



AND ME,
TOO, WHEN
I KICKED IN
HIS DOOR A
FEW WEEKS
AGO.*

YOU HAVE
QUITE A
STRONG GRIP,
PETER.

*BACK IN
SCARLET SPIDER #14,
CLONEHEADS! --DEVIN



RIGHT.
SORRY.

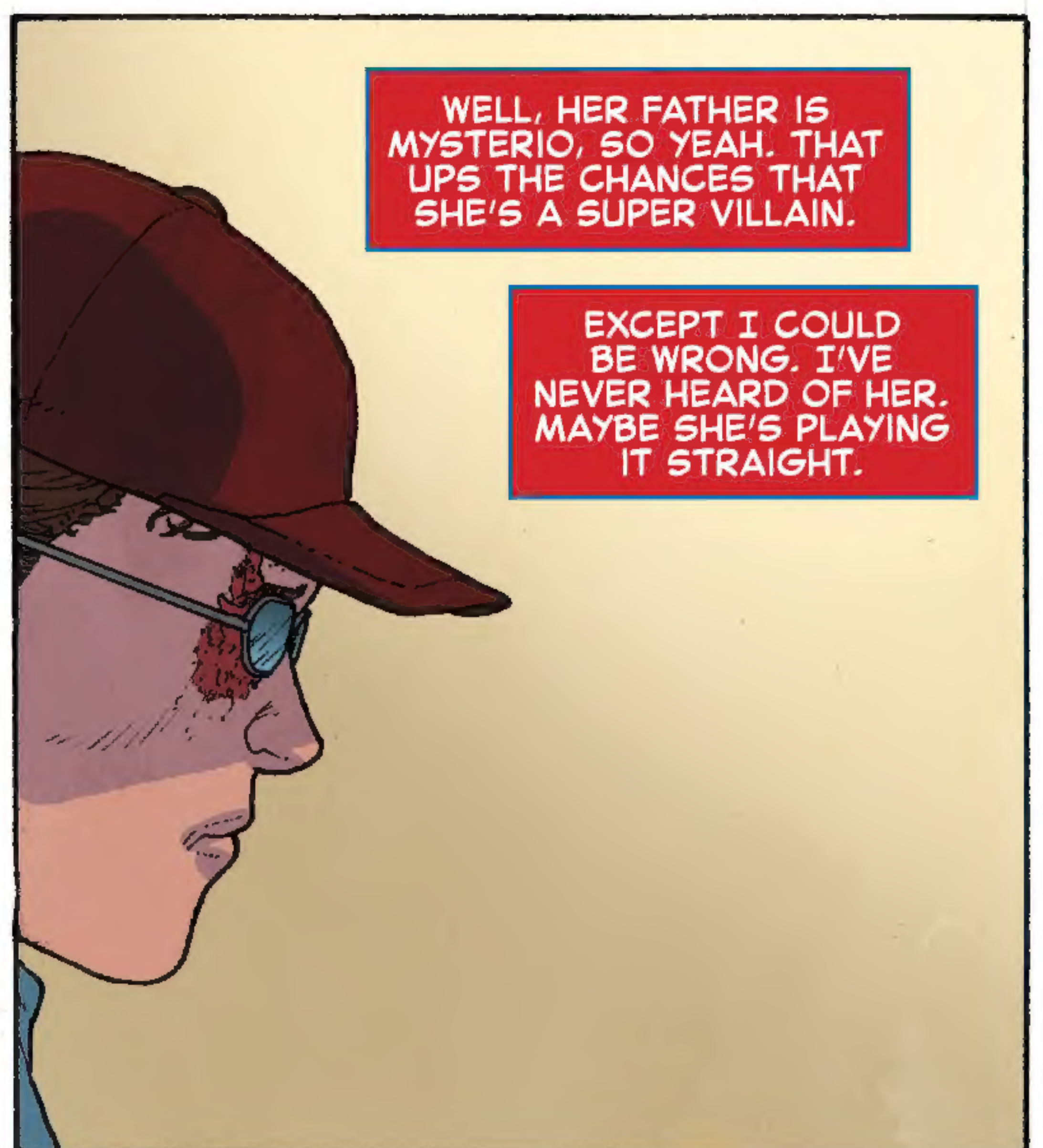
HOPE I
DIDN'T HURT
YOU.

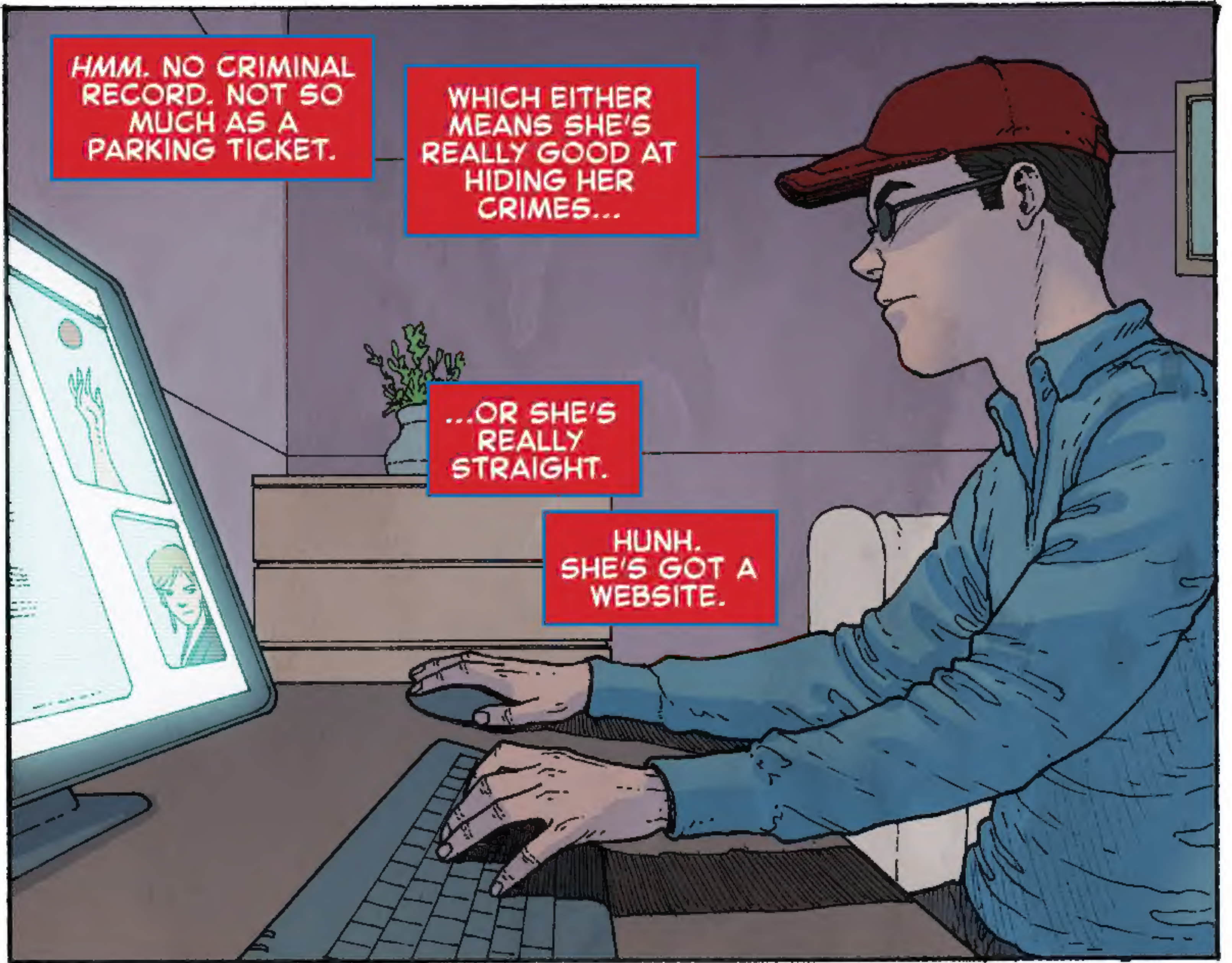
I'LL
SURVIVE.

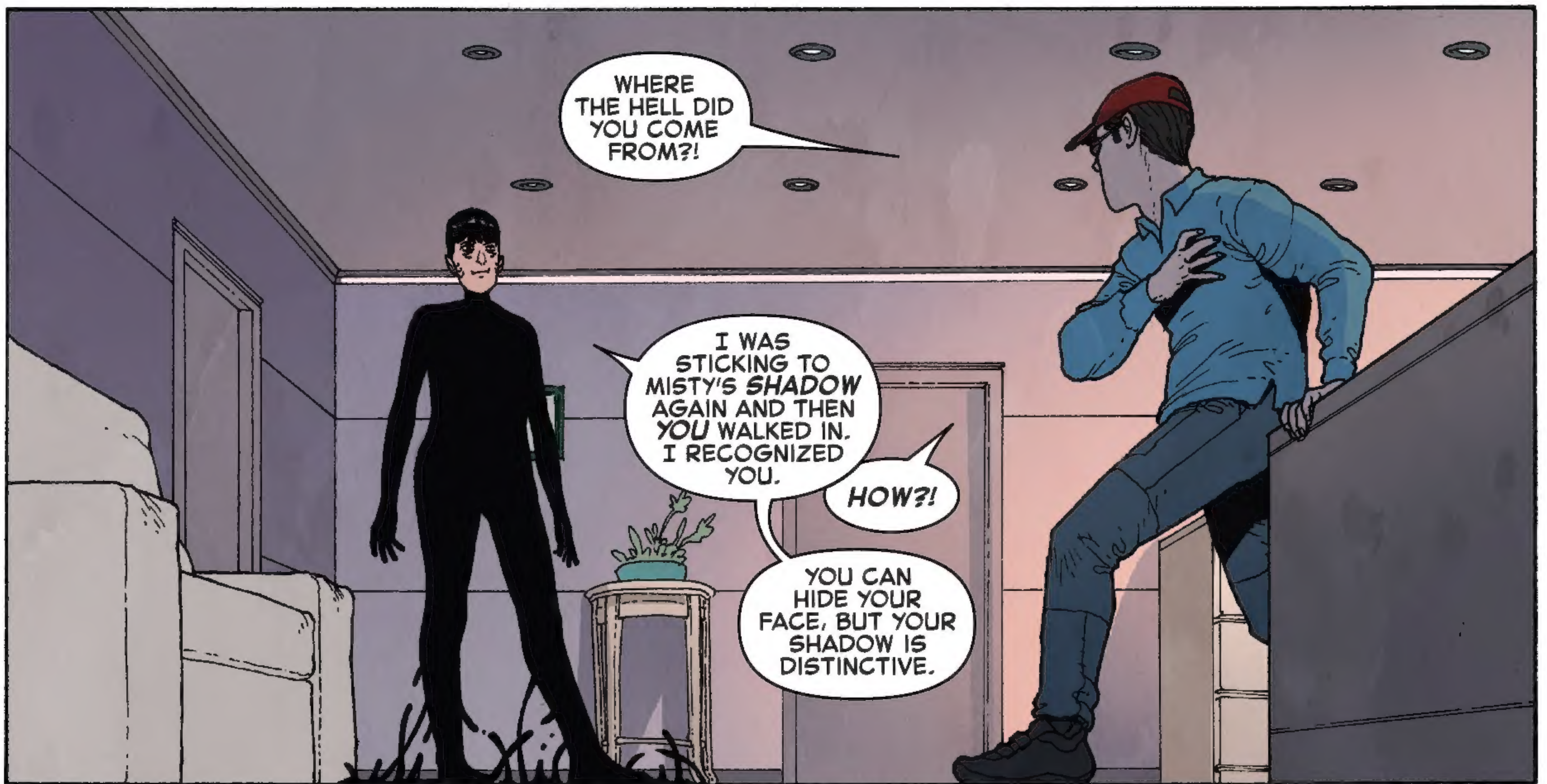


WELL, I'LL BE
ON MY WAY. SEE
YOU SATURDAY,
CASSANDRA.

LOOKING
FORWARD
TO IT.







WHERE THE HELL DID YOU COME FROM?!

I WAS STICKING TO MISTY'S **SHADOW** AGAIN AND THEN YOU WALKED IN. I RECOGNIZED YOU.

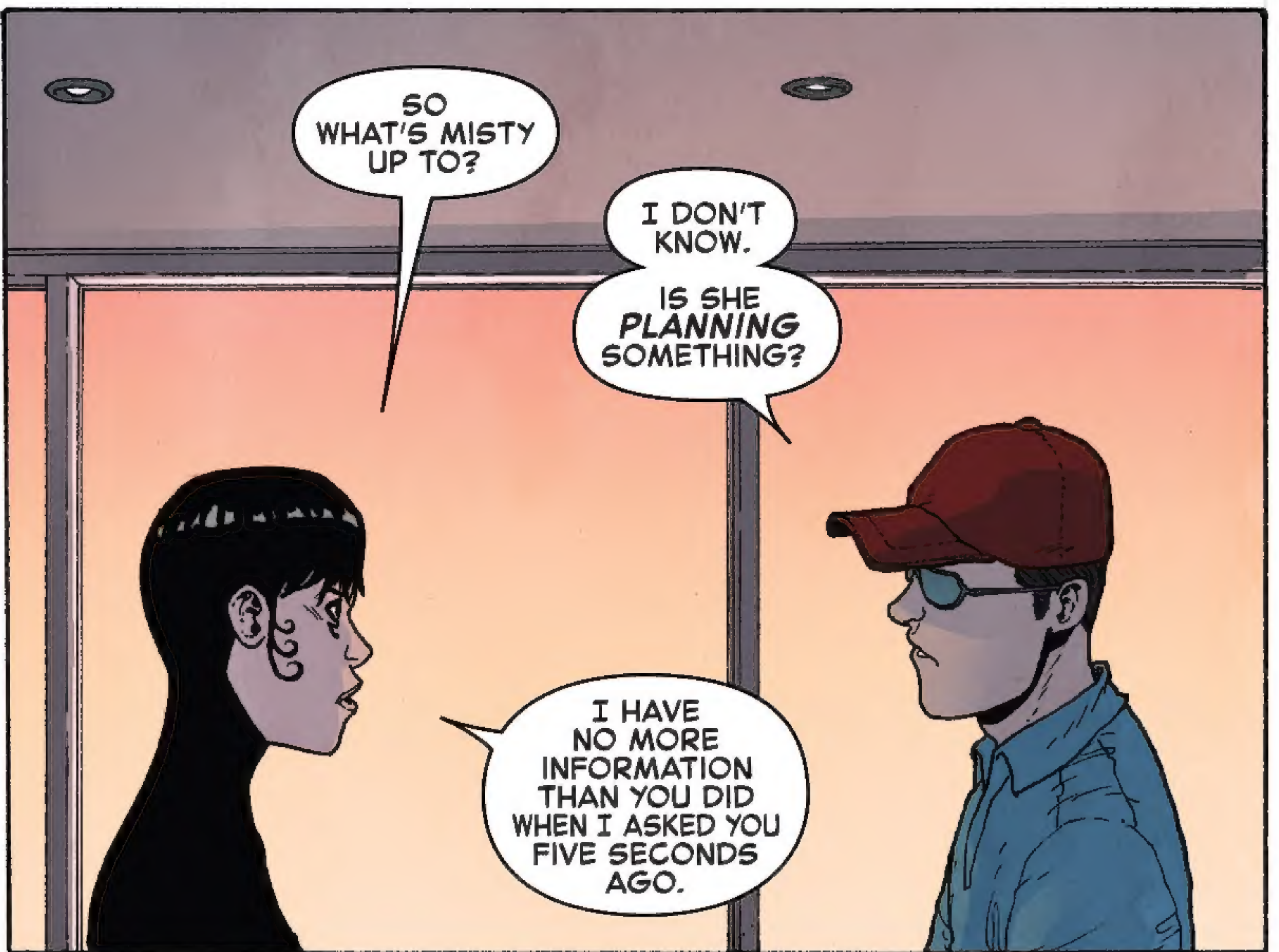
HOW?!

YOU CAN HIDE YOUR FACE, BUT YOUR **SHADOW** IS DISTINCTIVE.



SERIOUSLY?

I'M ALWAYS SERIOUS.



SO WHAT'S MISTY UP TO?

I DON'T KNOW.
IS SHE **PLANNING** SOMETHING?

I HAVE NO MORE INFORMATION THAN YOU DID WHEN I ASKED YOU FIVE SECONDS AGO.

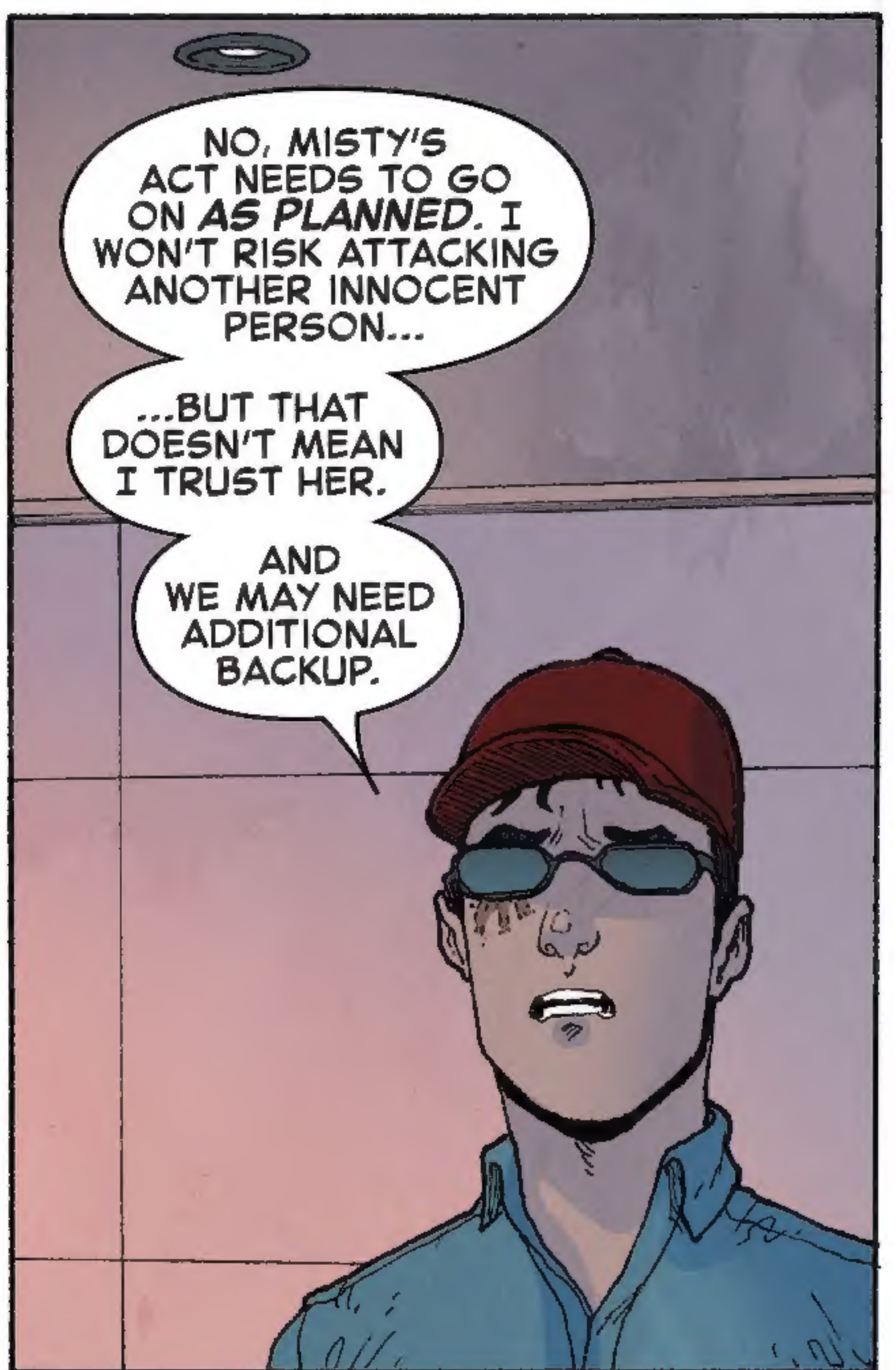


HOW ABOUT SUSPICIONS?

THOSE I HAVE PLENTY OF.

DO WE STOP HER?

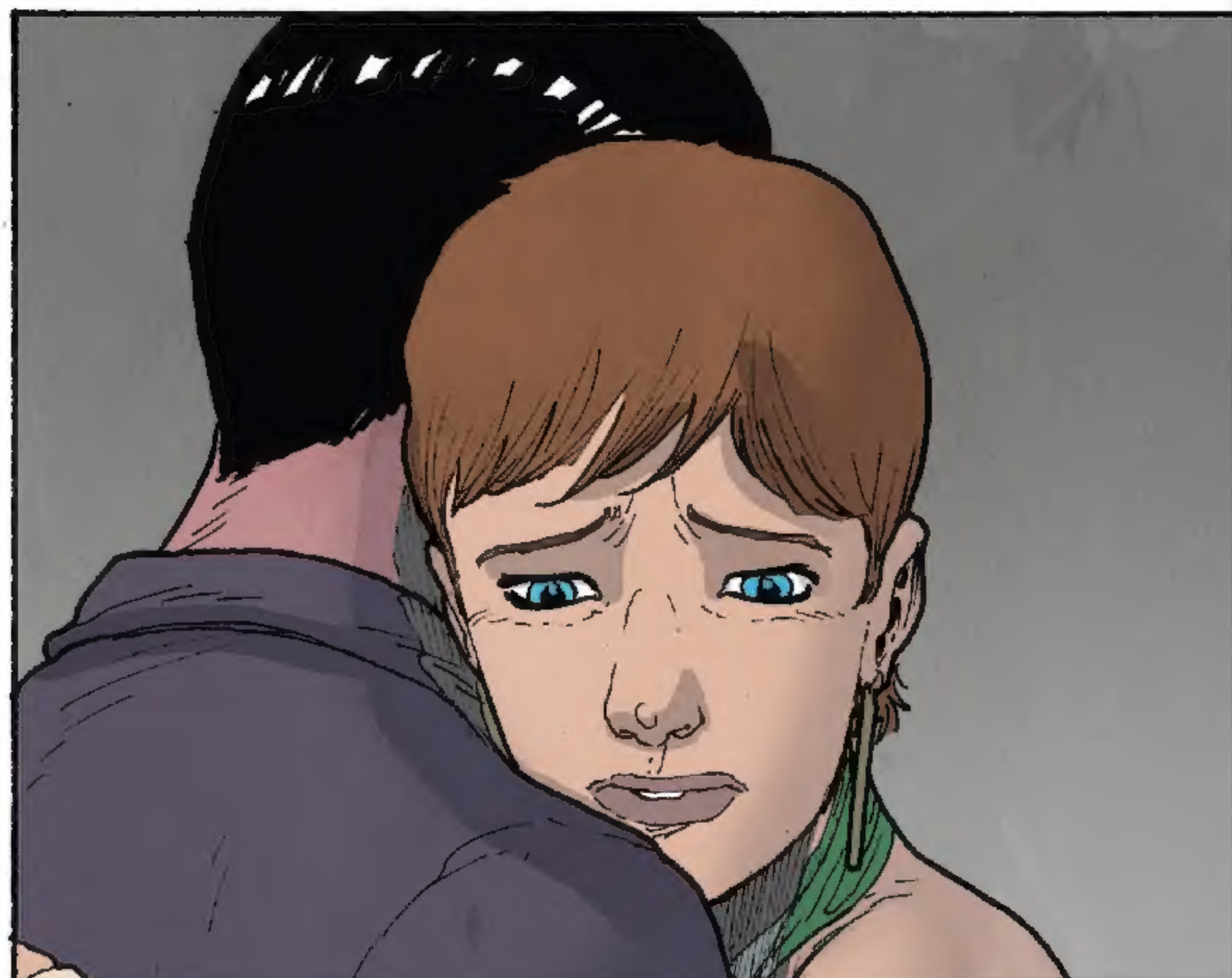
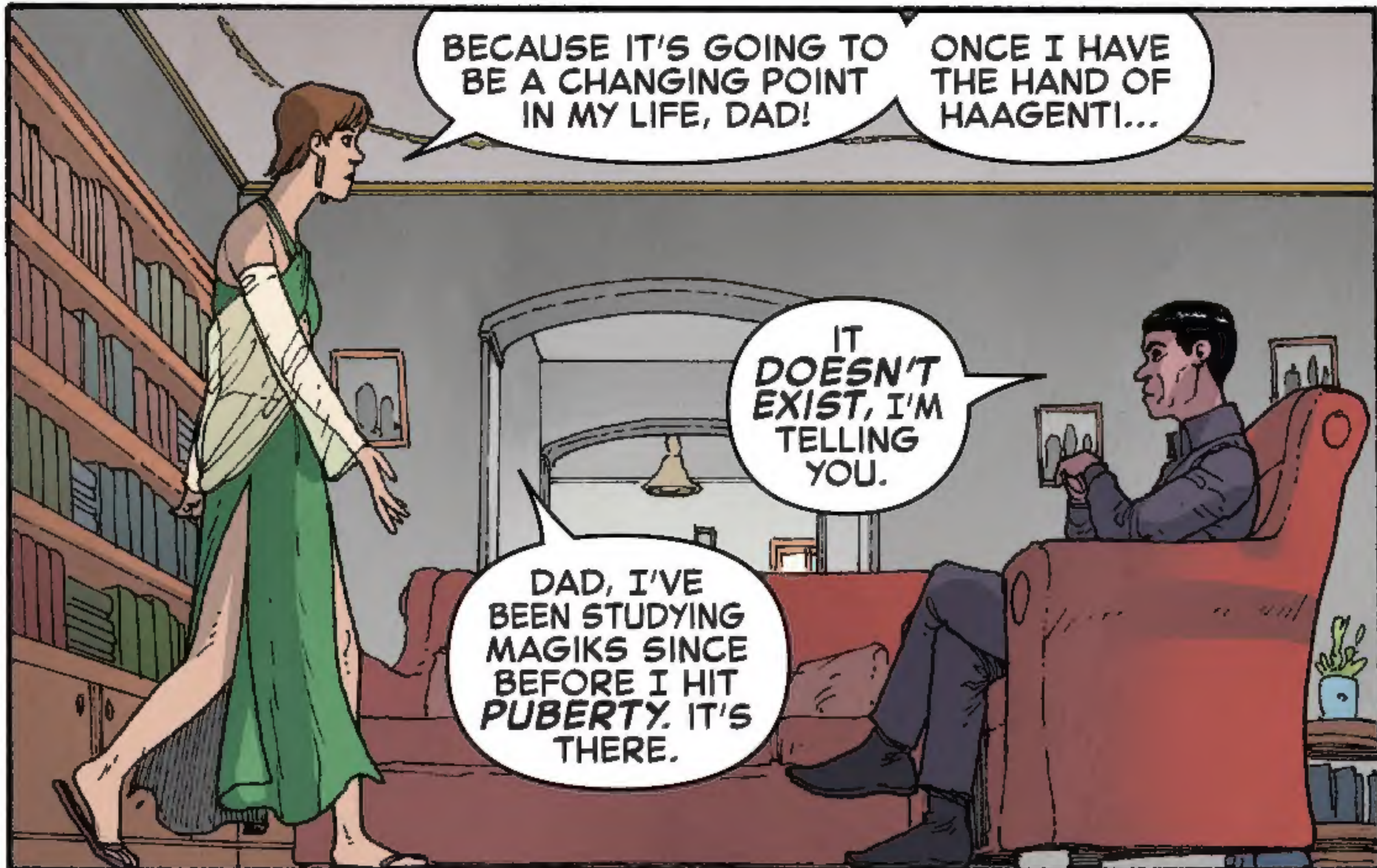
TECHNICALLY WE HAVE NO REASON TO. JUST SUSPICIONS.

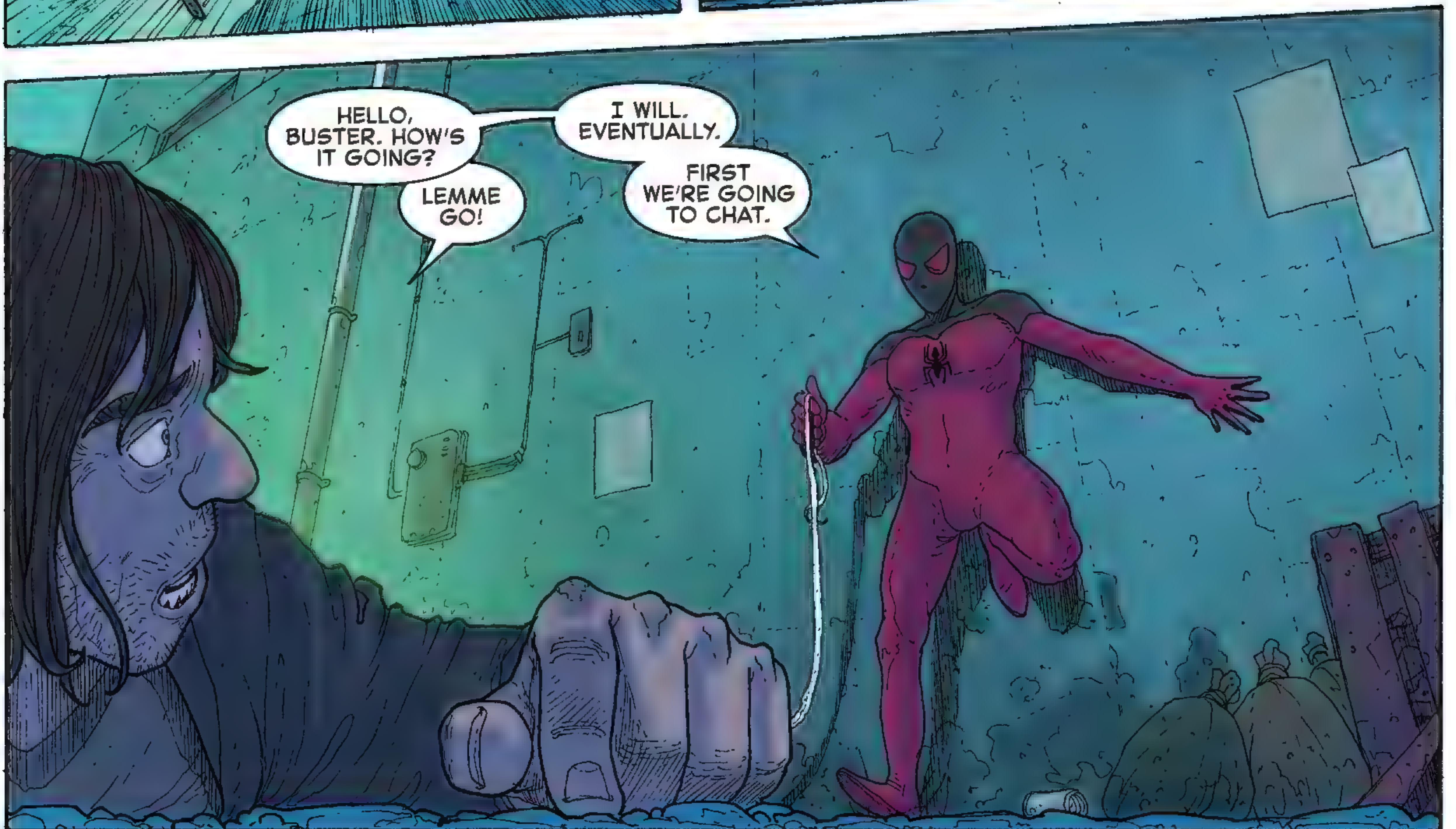
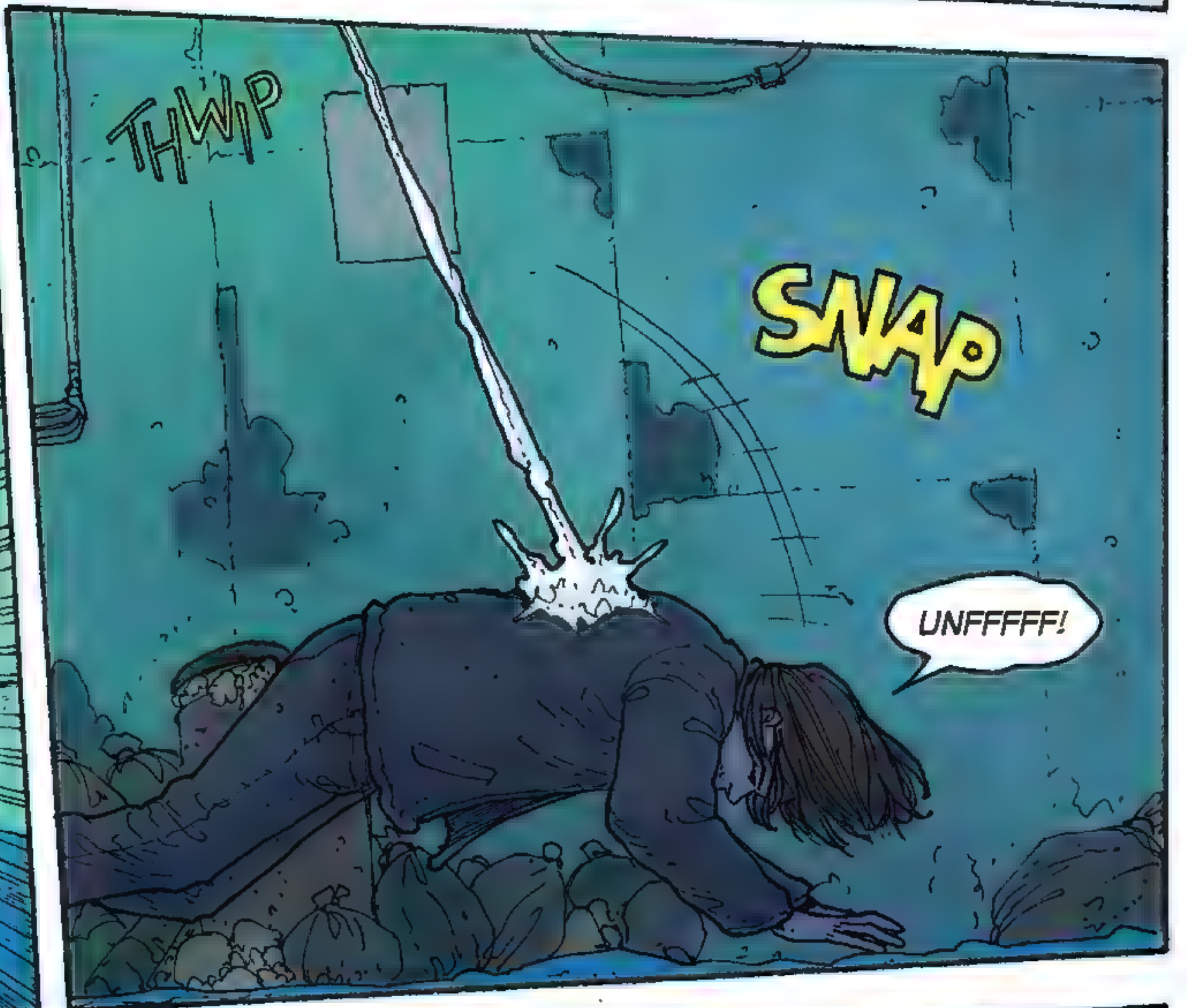
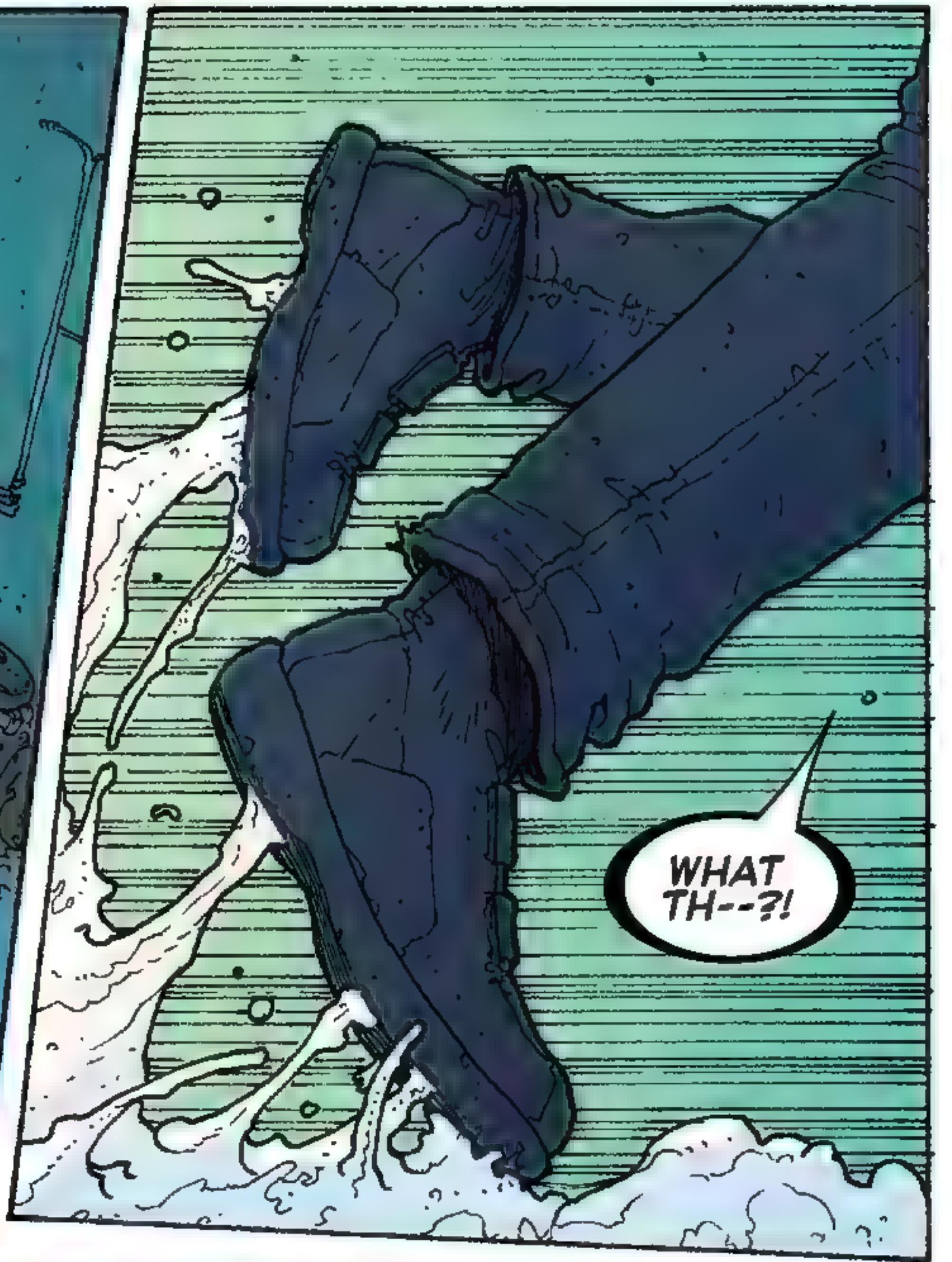
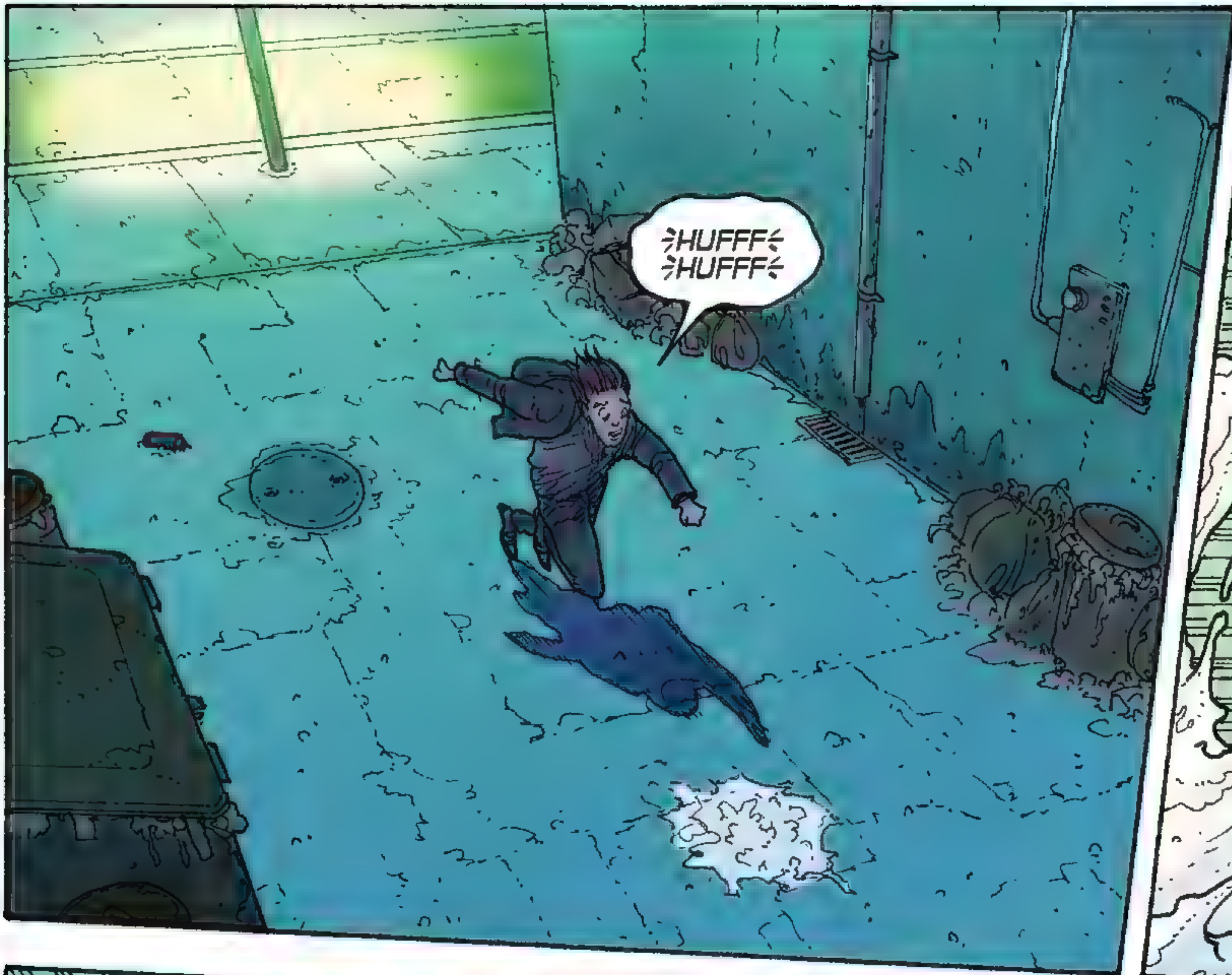


NO, MISTY'S ACT NEEDS TO GO ON **AS PLANNED**. I WON'T RISK ATTACKING ANOTHER INNOCENT PERSON...

...BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I TRUST HER.

AND WE MAY NEED ADDITIONAL BACKUP.



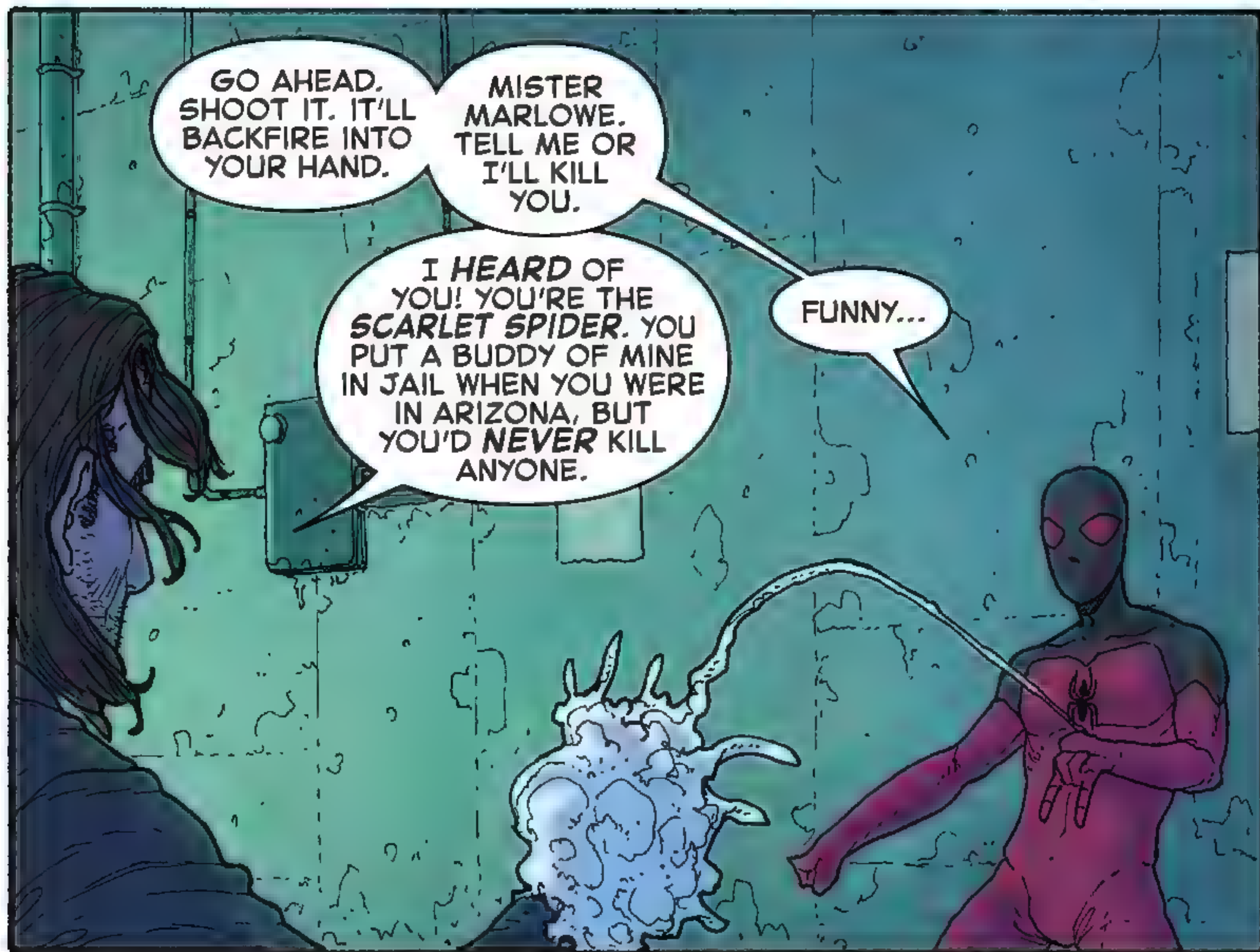




MISTER MARLOWE, BUDDY. I'M TOLD YOU KNOW HIM AND WHERE TO FIND HIM.



NEVER HEARD OF HIM.



GO AHEAD. SHOOT IT. IT'LL BACKFIRE INTO YOUR HAND.

MISTER MARLOWE. TELL ME OR I'LL KILL YOU.

I HEARD OF YOU! YOU'RE THE **SCARLET SPIDER**. YOU PUT A BUDDY OF MINE IN JAIL WHEN YOU WERE IN ARIZONA, BUT YOU'D **NEVER** KILL ANYONE.

FUNNY...



THAT'S WHAT FAST EDDIE SAID RIGHT BEFORE I KILLED HIM.



YOU SHOT HIM? I... I HEARD HE WAS DEAD, BUT...

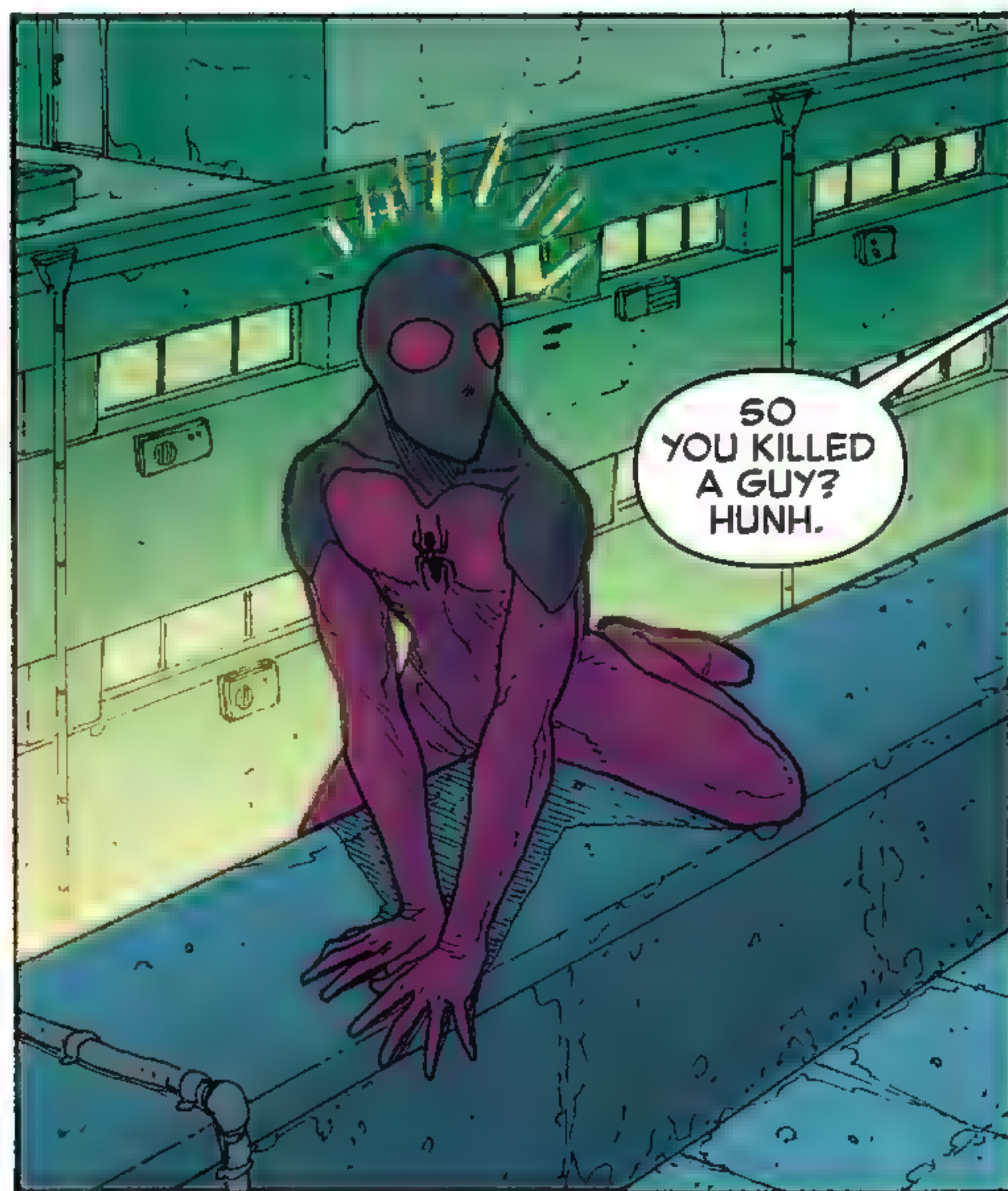
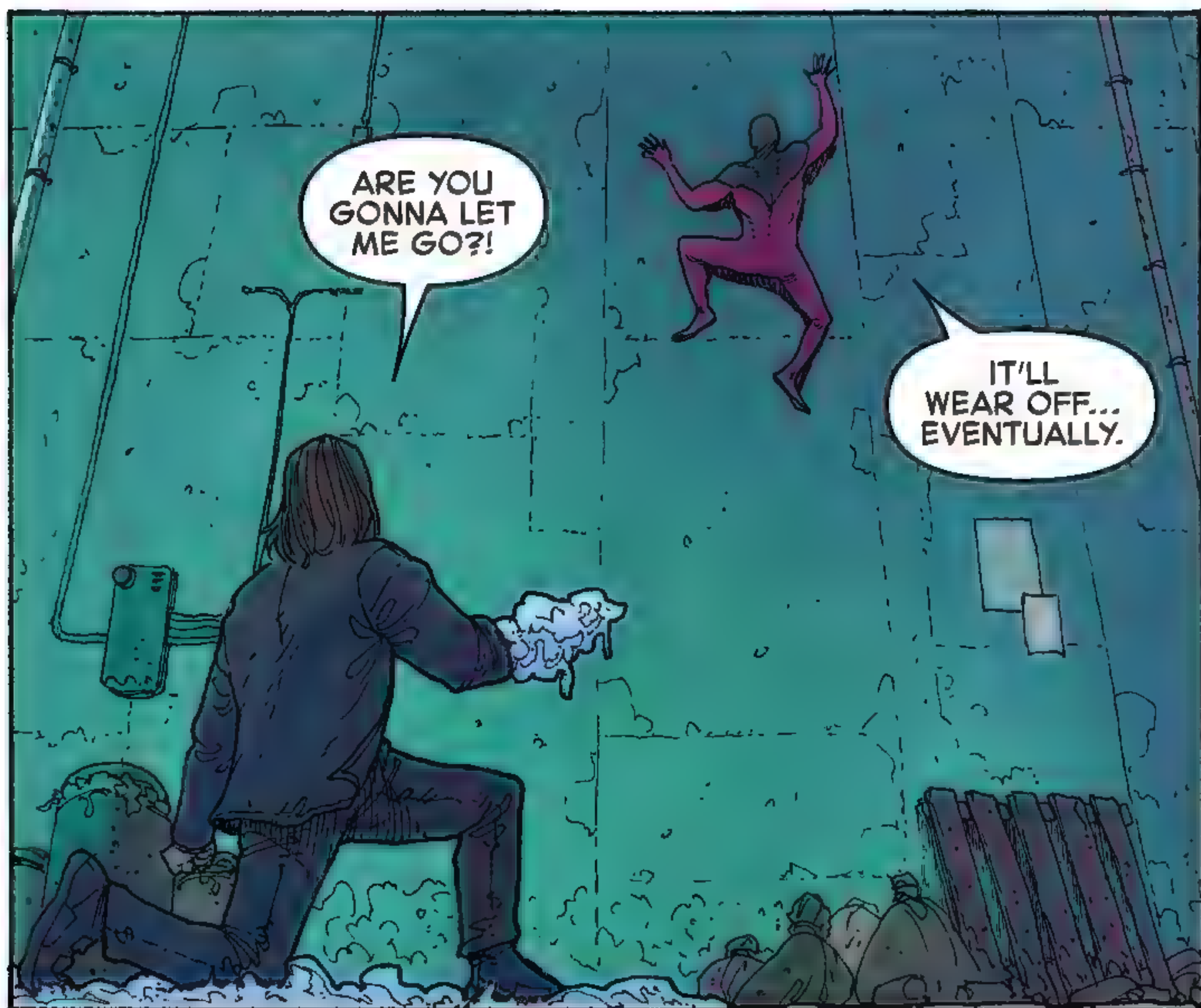
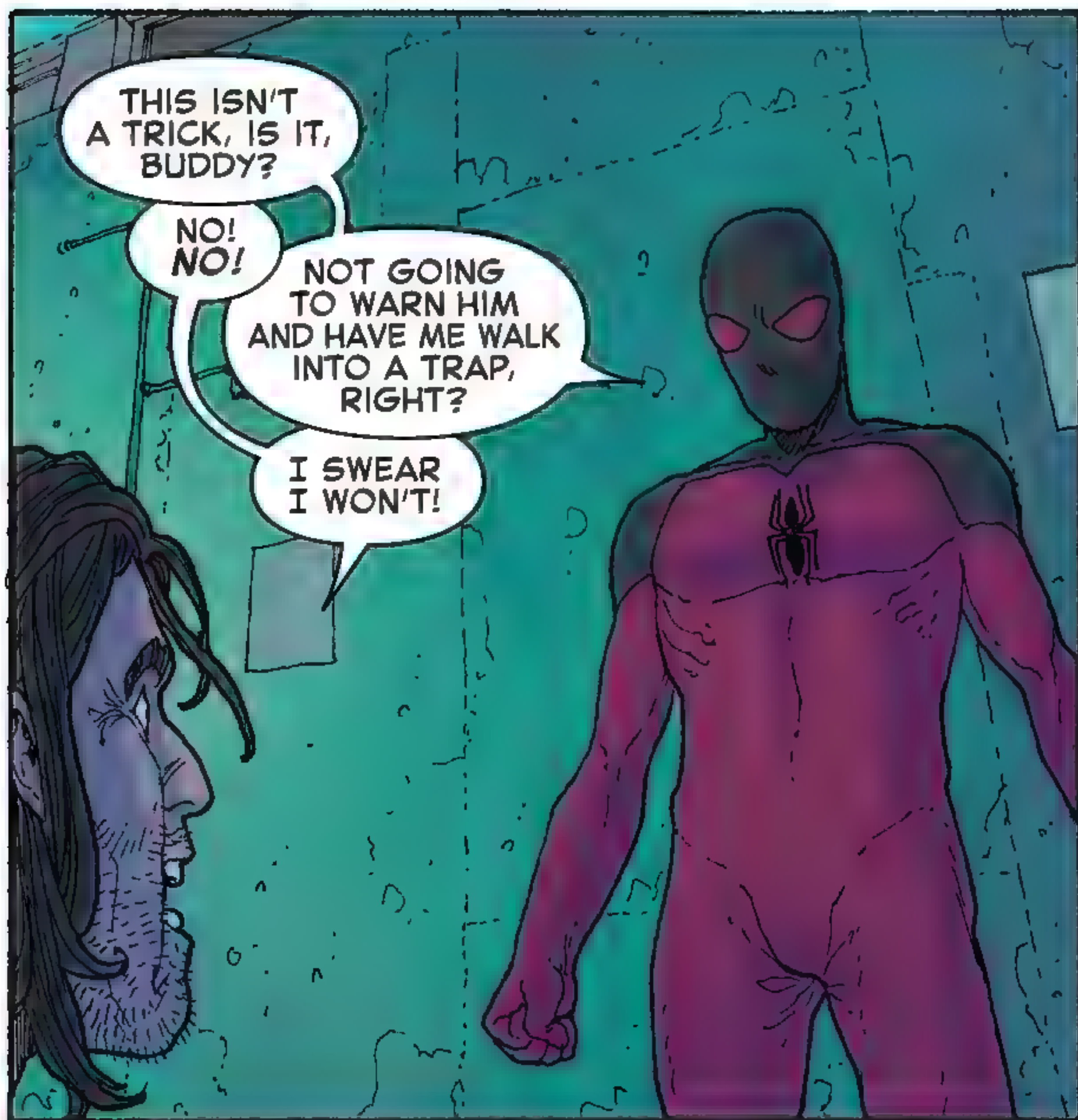
YUP. YOU WANT TO GO, TOO?

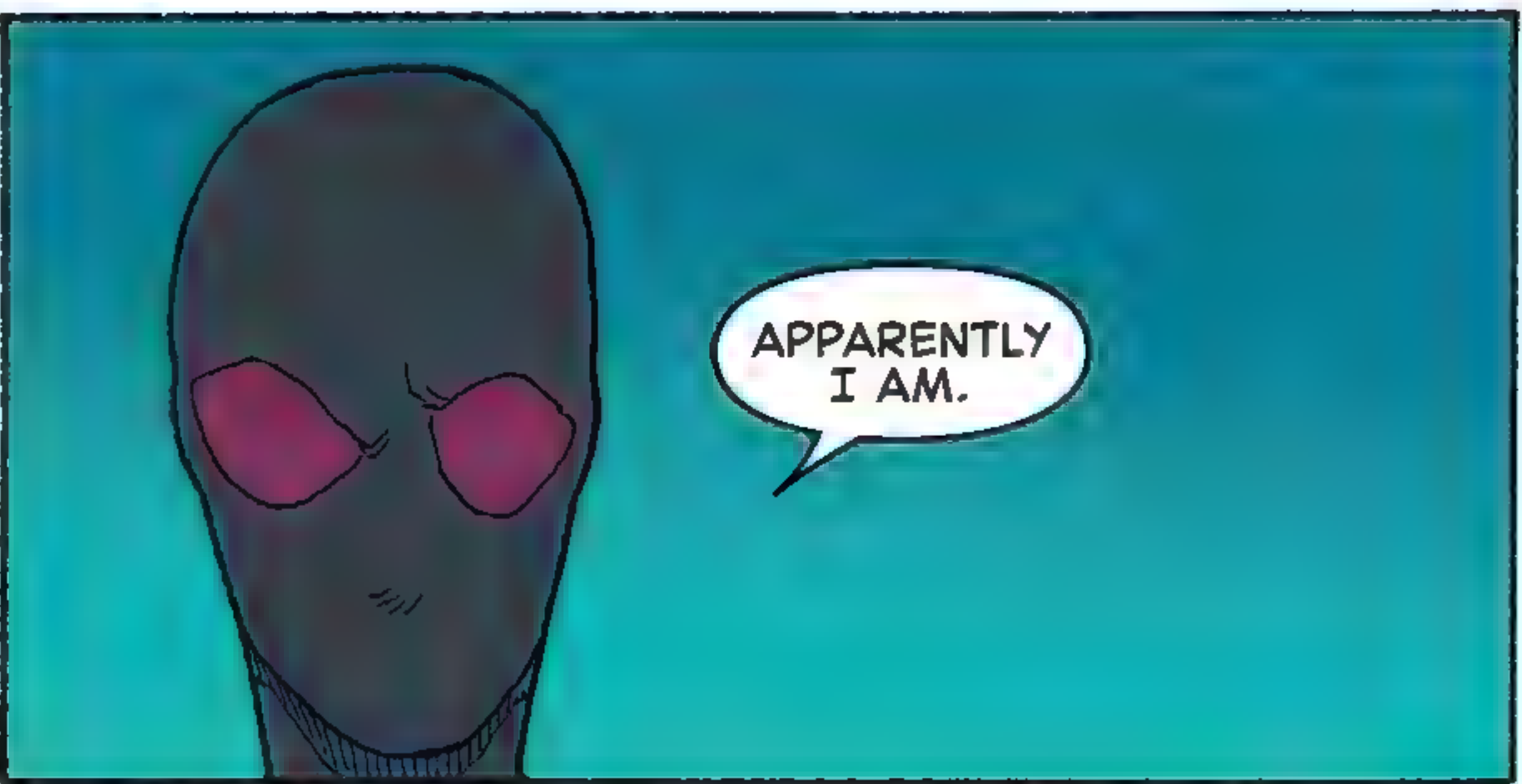


HE'S REAL PRIVATE. REAL, REAL PRIVATE. MARLOWE ISN'T EVEN HIS REAL NAME.

BUT EVERY SUNDAY MORNING HE GOES TO THE BREAKFAST CLUB AT THE SIERRA. NEVER MISSES IT.

THAT'S WHERE YOU CAN FIND HIM.





SATURDAY.

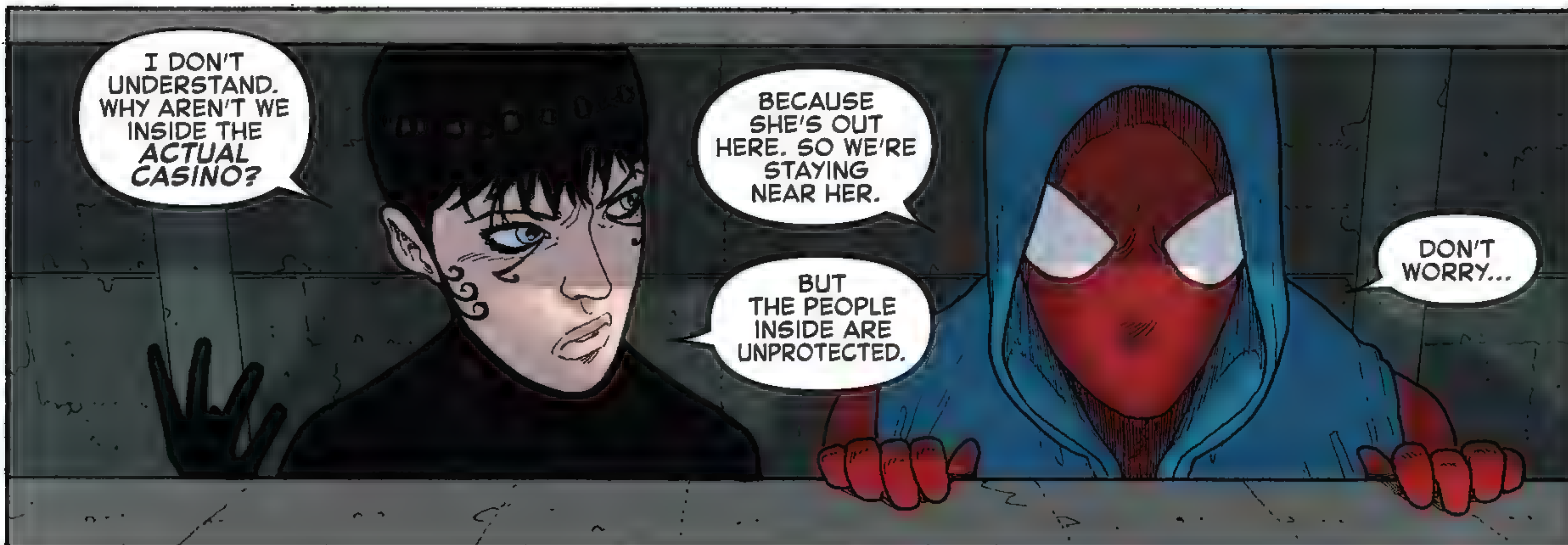
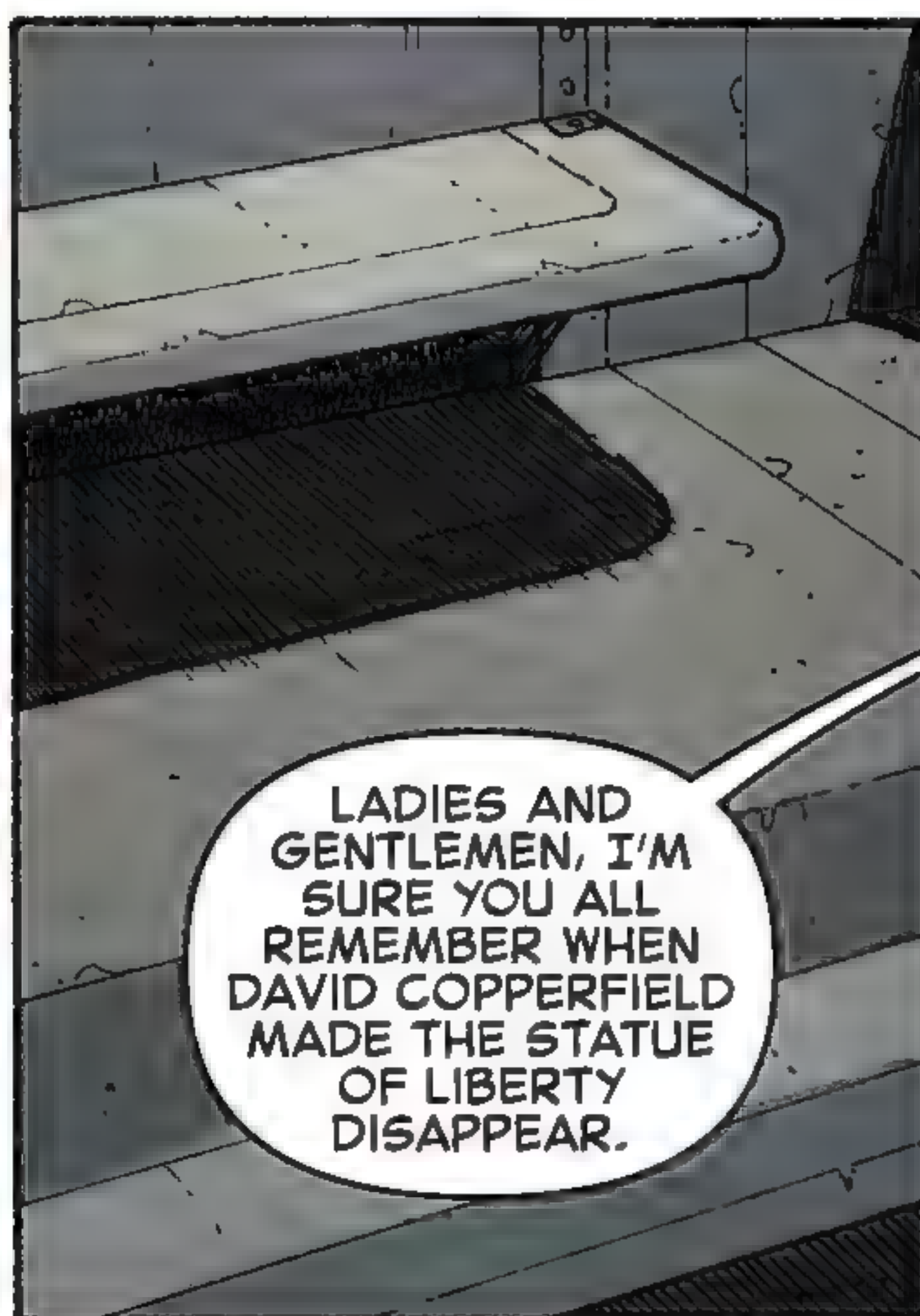
AND NOW,
LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, WITHOUT
FURTHER ADO,
WE PRESENT...

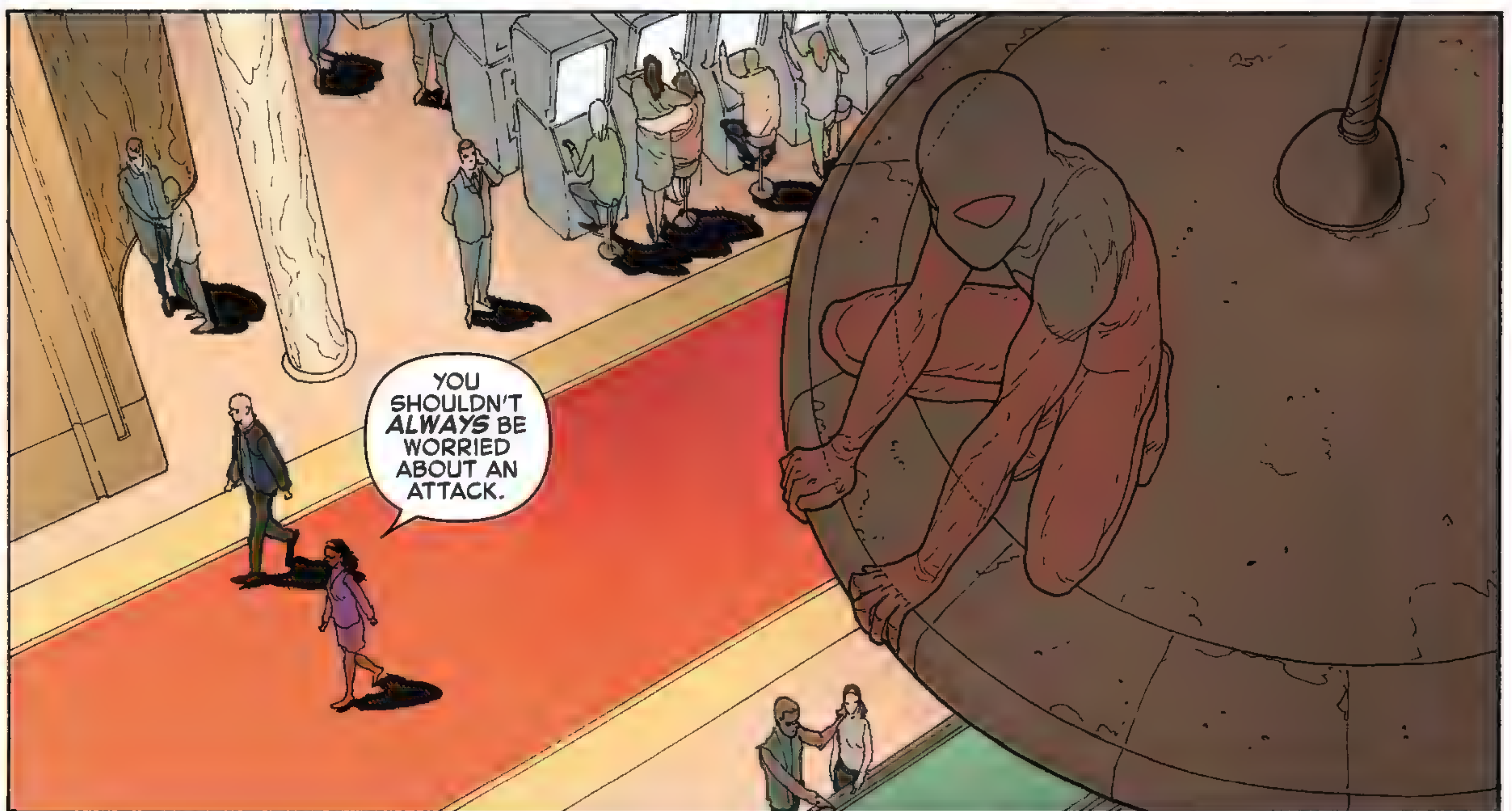
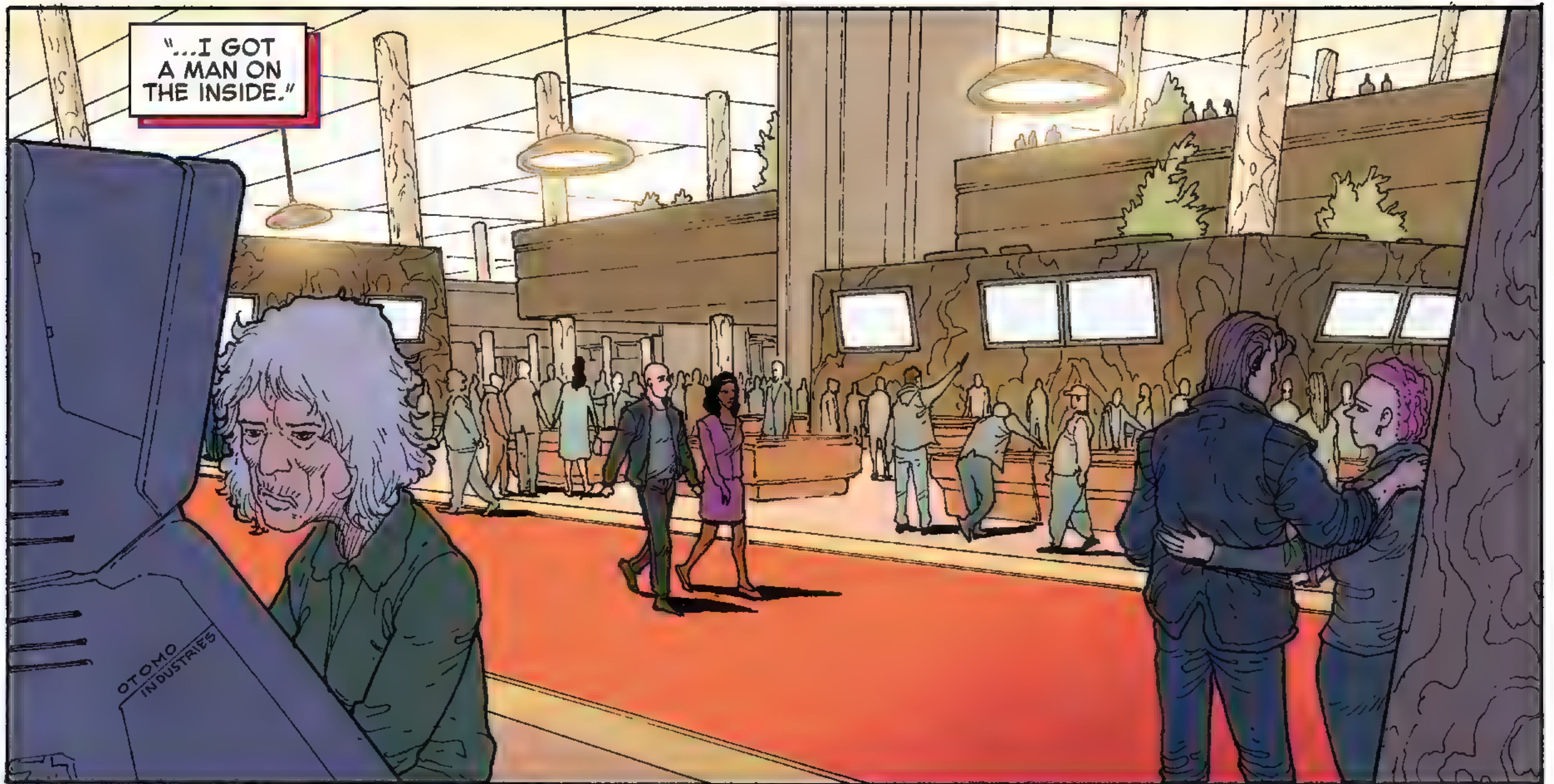
ALL RIGHT, THE
STAGE IS SET.
MY PLAYERS ARE
WAITING IN THE
WINGS.

SHOWTIME.

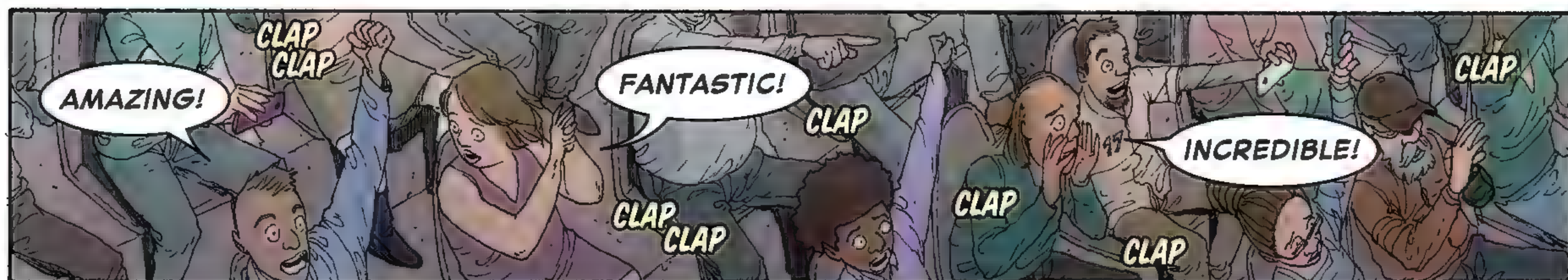
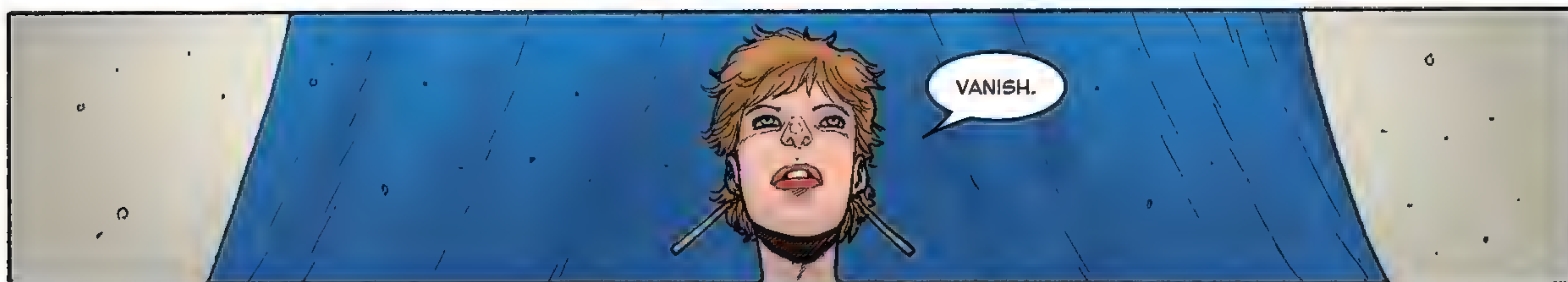
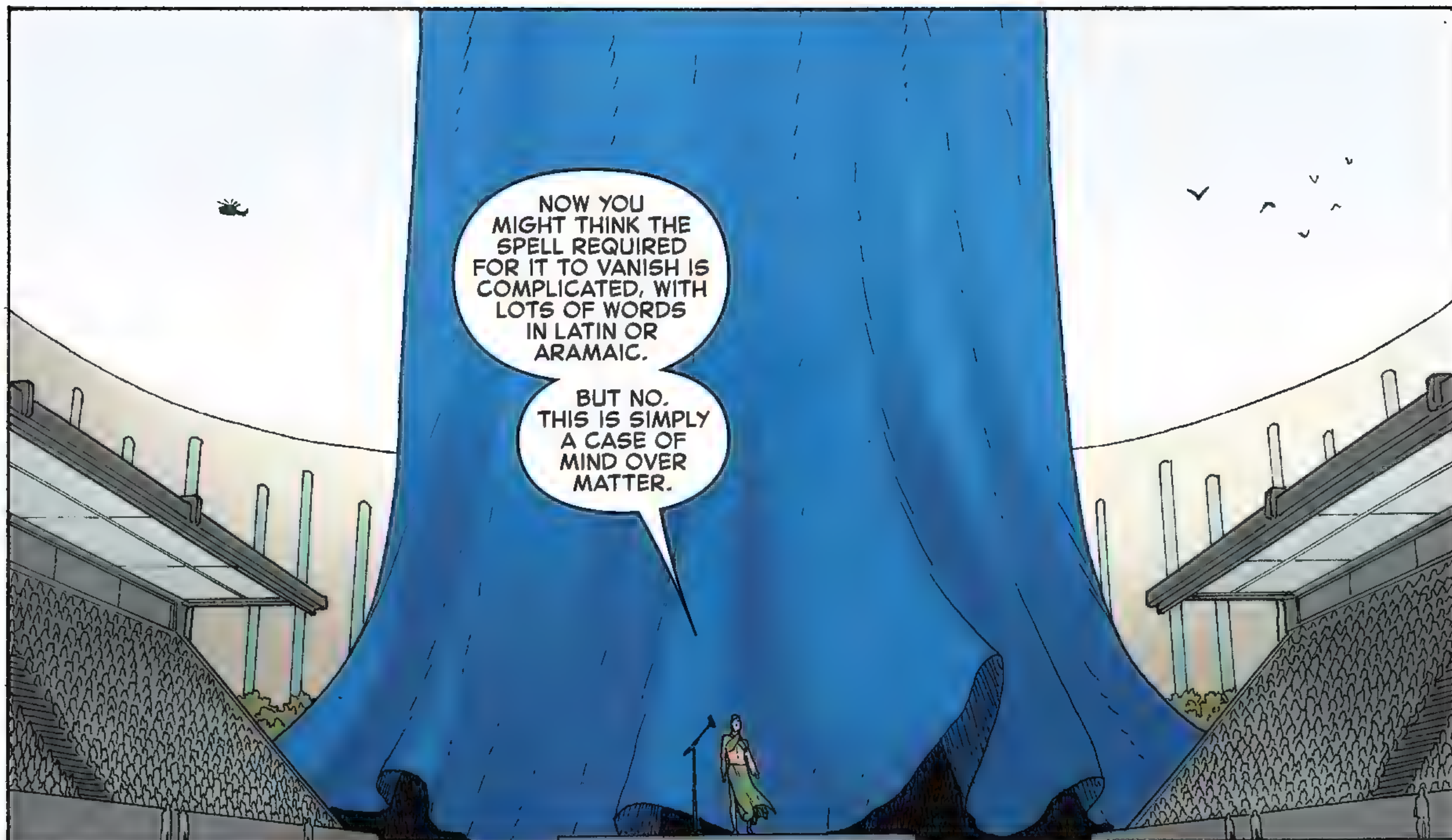
...THE GREAT
MYSTERIA!

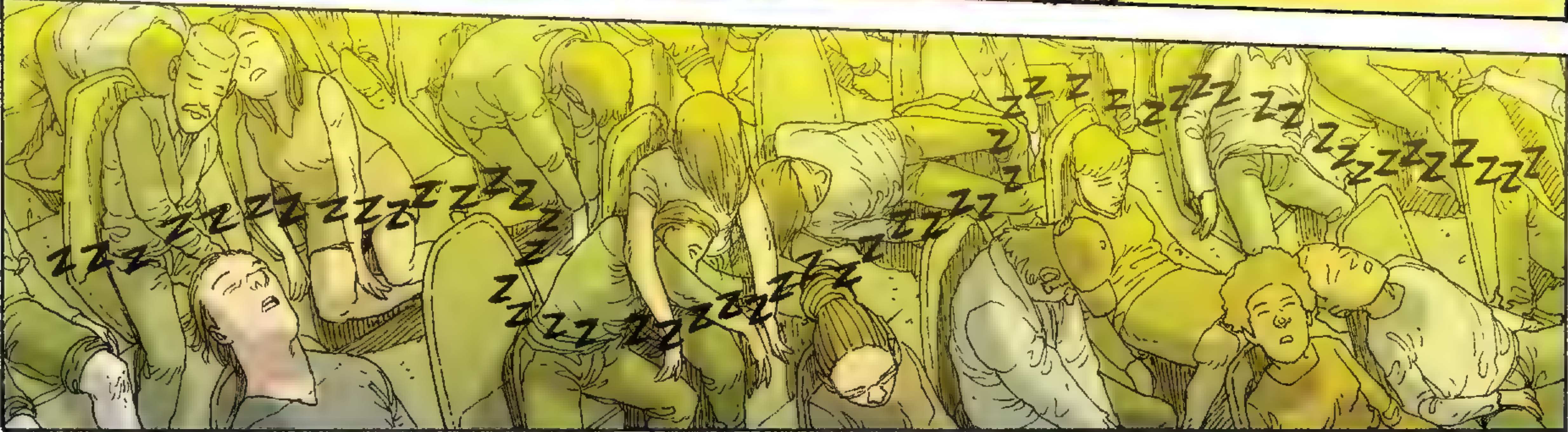
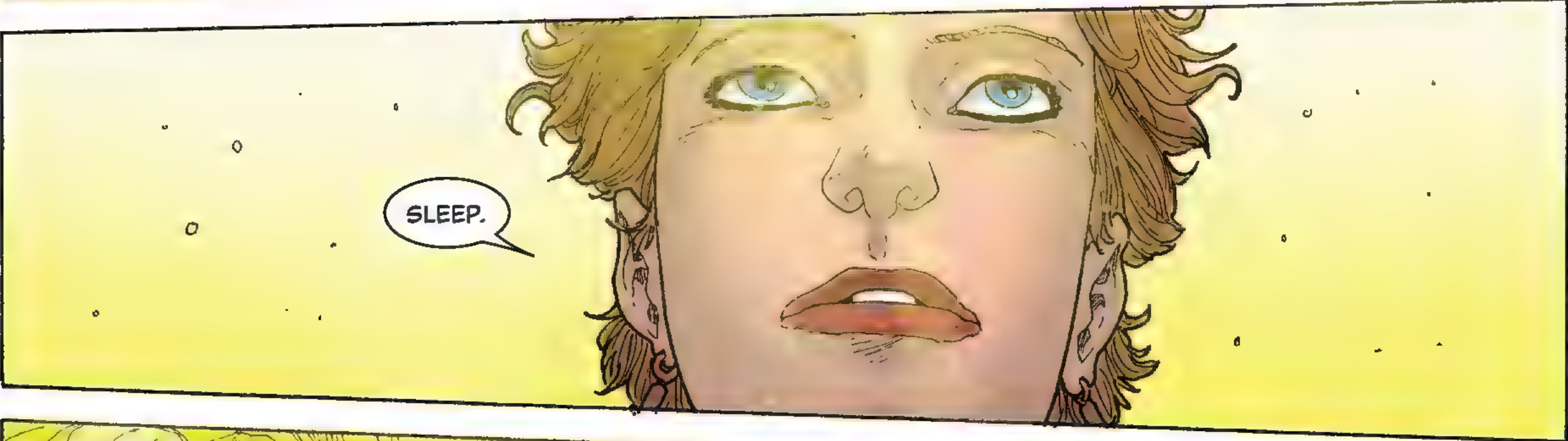
THANK YOU,
THANK YOU!

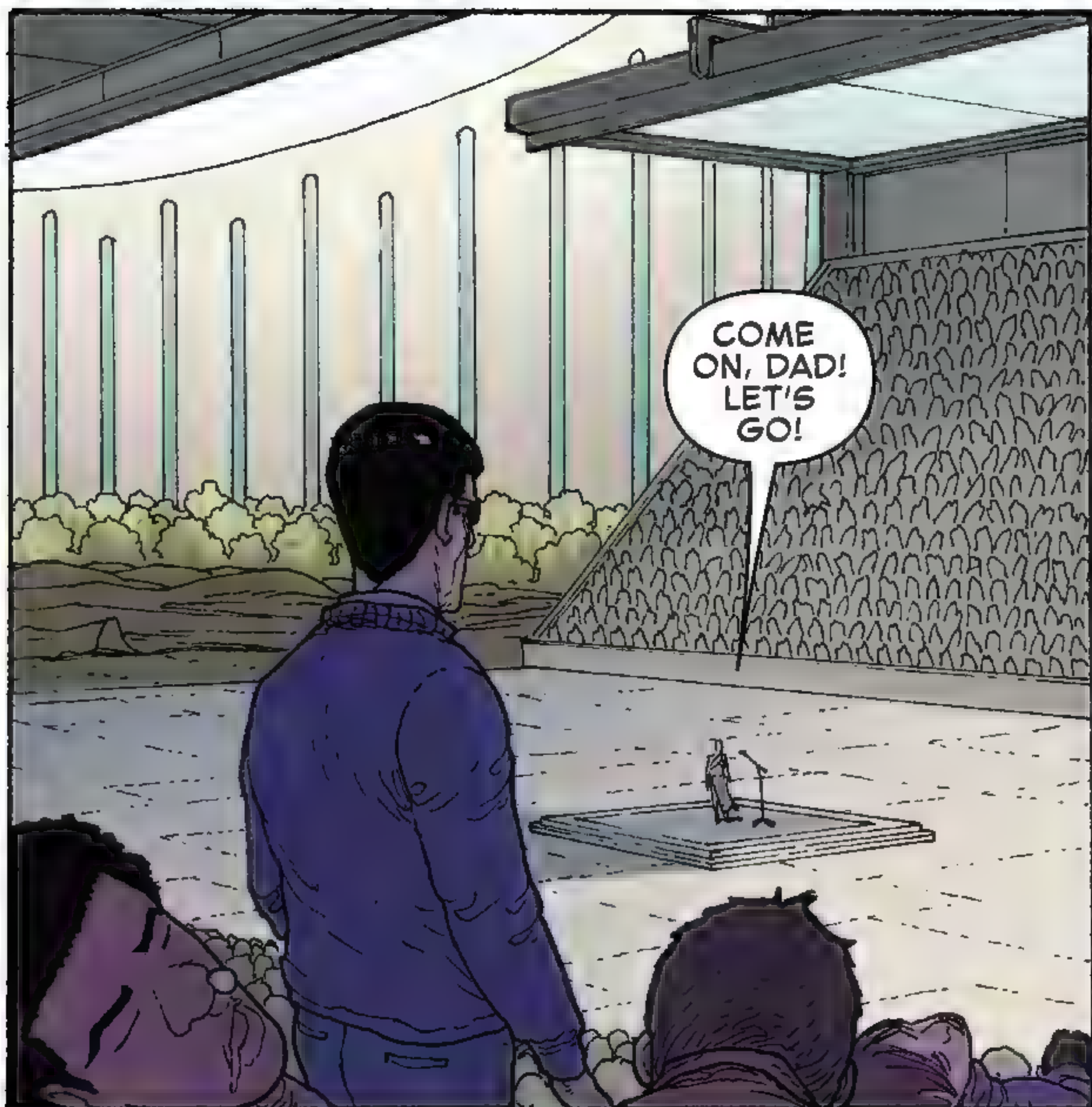


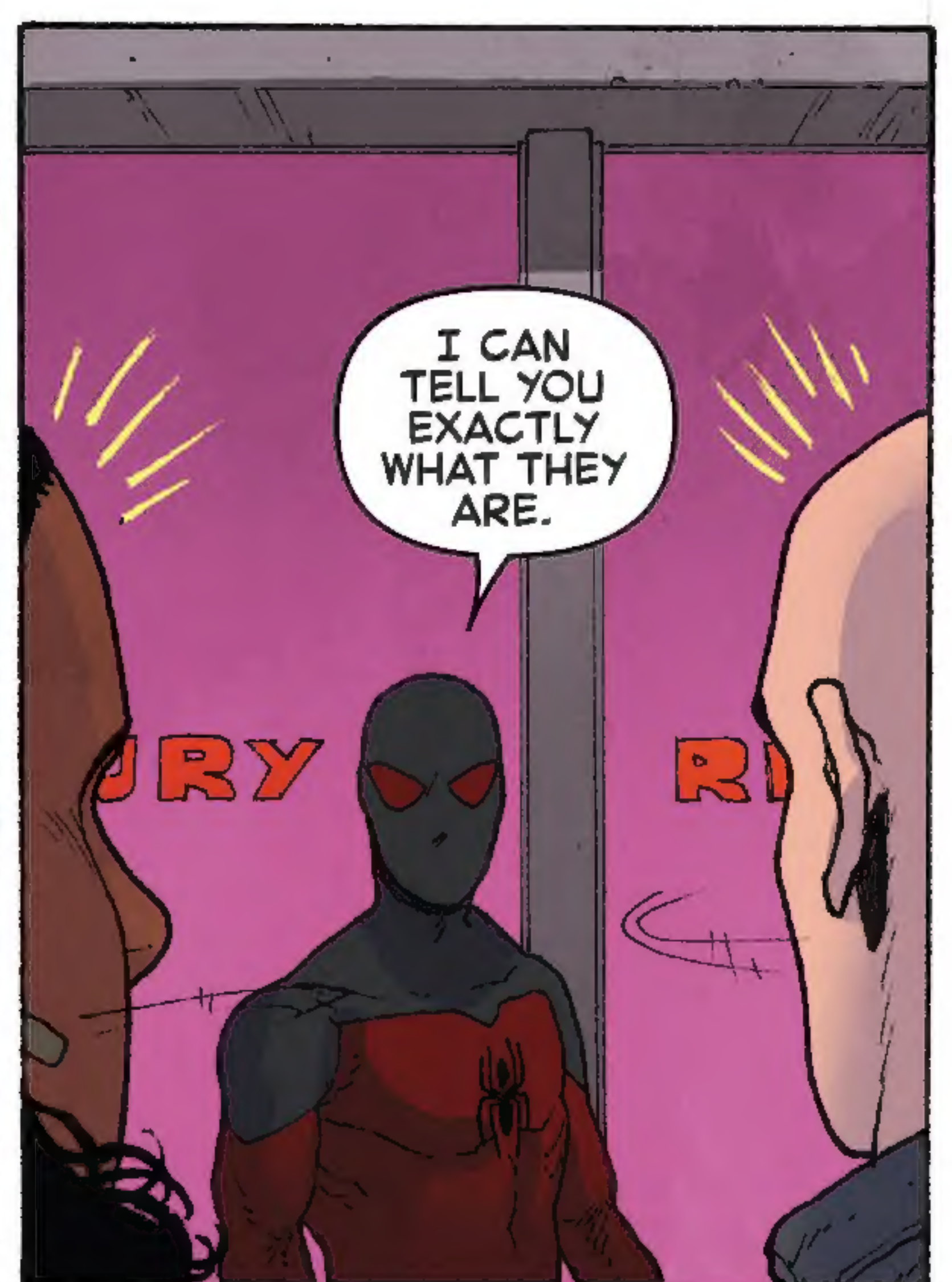
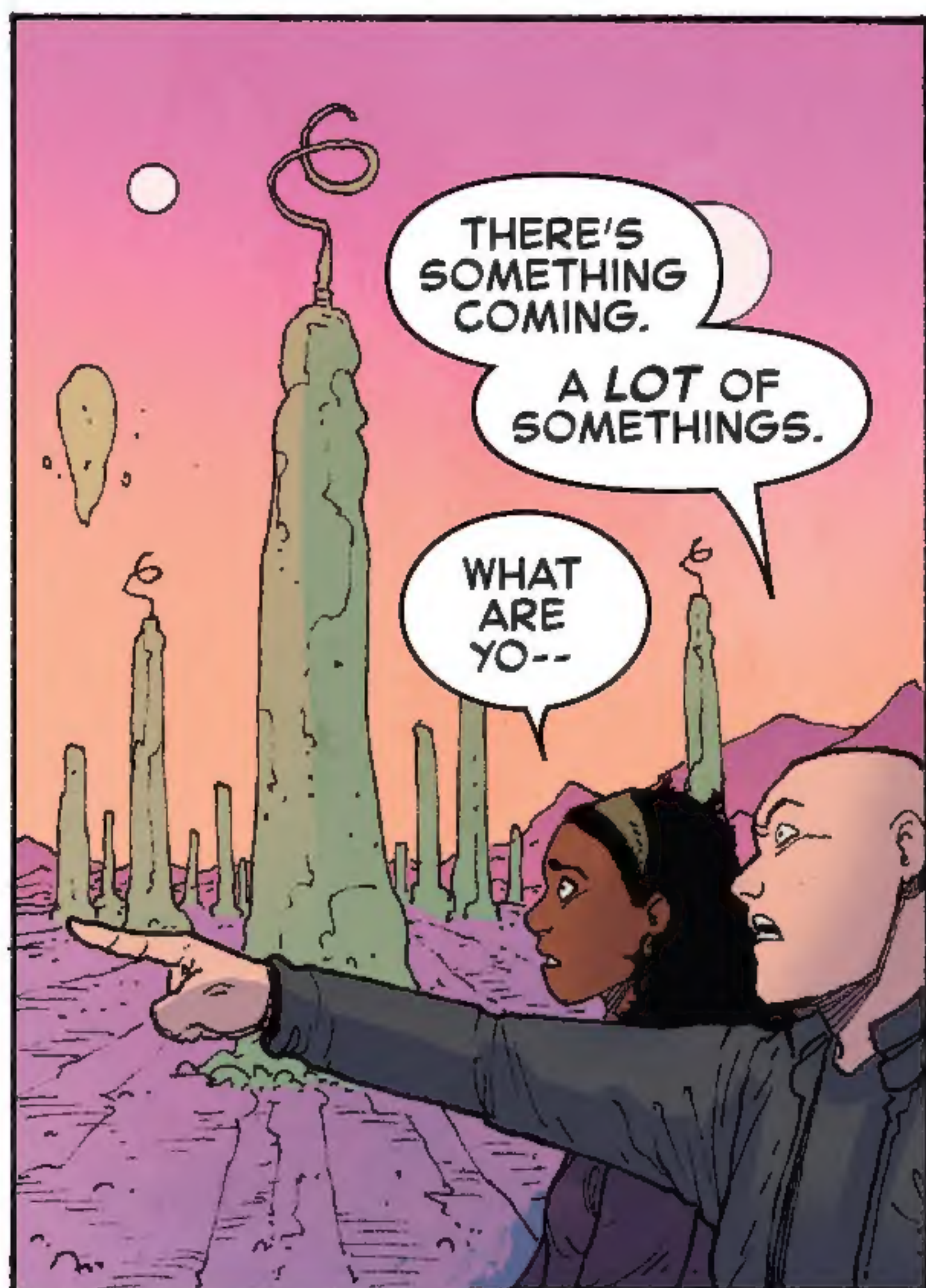
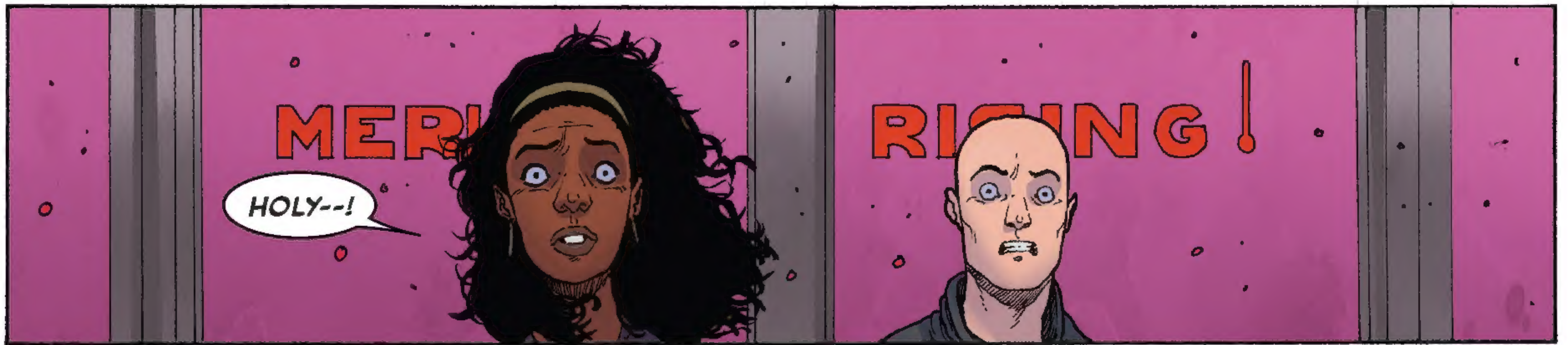








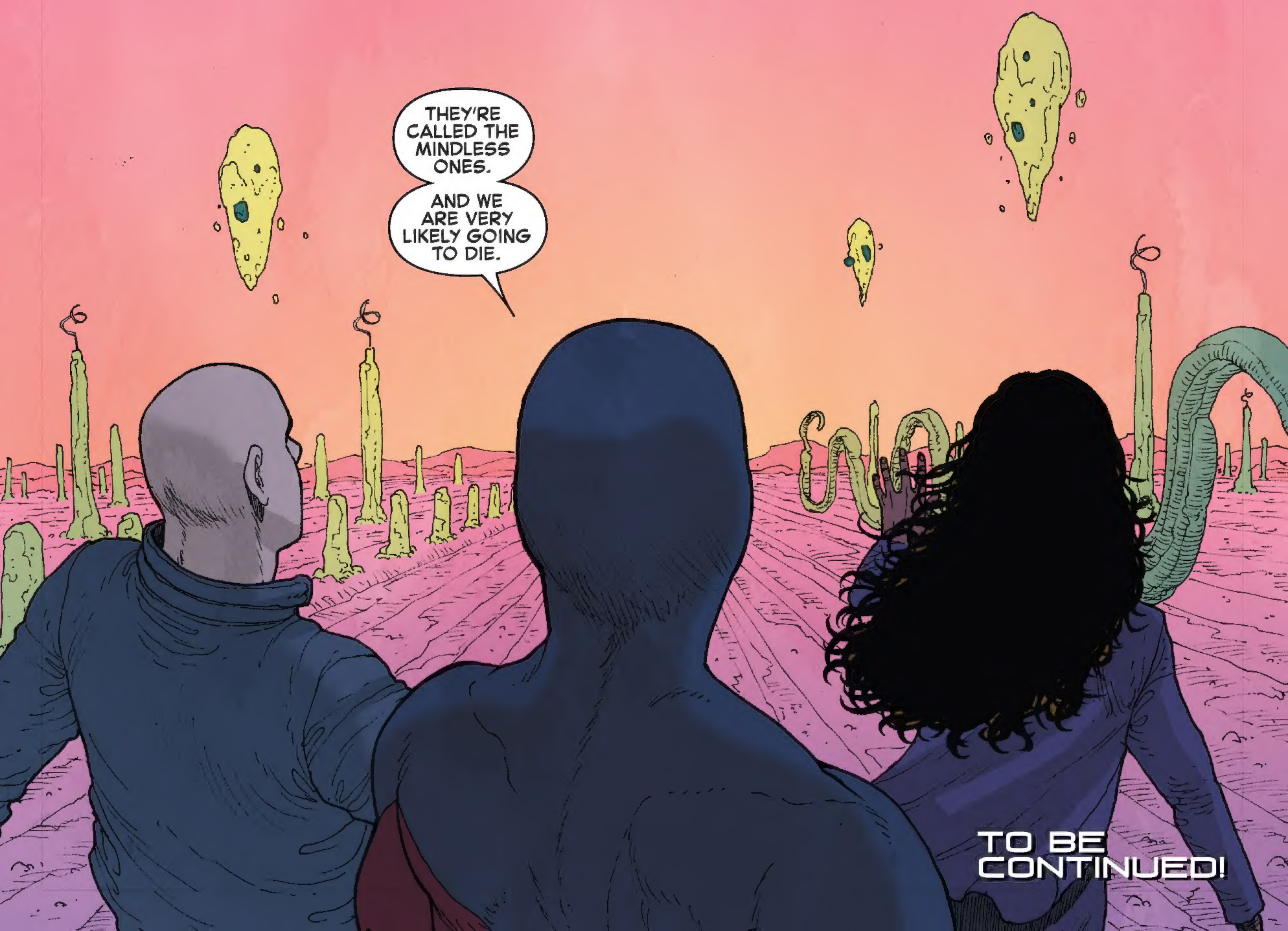






THEY'RE CALLED THE MINDLESS ONES.

AND WE ARE VERY LIKELY GOING TO DIE.



TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT:

BEN REILLY: THE SCARLET SPIDER #19



LET US KNOW HOW WE'RE DOING! DROP US A LINE AT SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM!
BE SURE TO MARK IT "OKAY TO PRINT"!

